

A
SATYRE,

Written to the *KINGS*
most Excellent Maiestie,

By

GEORGE WITHER,

When hee was Prisoner in the
Marshallsey, for his first
BOOKE.



LONDON:

Printed by T.S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*.
Church-yard, at the signe of the *Greene*
Dragon, 1622.

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The Satyre to the meete Courtiers.

Sirs; I doe know your mindes; You looke for
fees,
For more respect then needes, for caps and
knees.

But be content, I haue not for you now;
Nor will I haue at all to doe with you.
For, though I seeme opprest, and you suppose
I must be faine to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your fanours I doe sleight them more
In this distresse, then ere I did before.

Here

A Satyre.

Here to my Liege a message I must tell;
If you will let me passe, you shall doe well;
If you denie admittance, why then know,
I meane to haue it where you will or no,
Your farmall wisdoms which hath neuer beene
In ought but in some fond inuention scene,
And you that thinke men borne to no intent,
But to be train'd in Apish complement;
Doth now (perhaps) suppose mee indiscreet,
And such vnused messages vnmeet.
But what of that? Shall I goe sute my matter
Vnto your wits, that haue but wit to flatter?
Shall I, of your opinions so much prize
To lose my will that you may thinke me wise,
Who neuer yet to any liking had,
Vnlesse he were a Knaue, a Foole, or mad?
You Mushroms know, so much I weigh your powers,
I neither value you, nor what is yours.
Nay, though my crosses had me quite out-worne,
Spirit enough I'd finde your spight to scorne:
Of which resolu'd, to further my aduenture,
Vnto my King, without your leaues I enter.

To



To the Honest Courtiers.



*Vt You, whose onely worth doth colour
giue.*

*To Them, that they doe worthy seeme to
liue,*

*Kinde Gentlemen, your ayde I craue, to bring
A Satyre to the presence of his King :*

*A shew of rudenesse doth my fore-head arme,
Tet you may trust him; he intends no harme.*

*He that hath sent him, loyall is, and true,
And one, whose loue (I know) is much to you :*

But now, he lyes bound to a narrow scope ;

Almost beyond the Cape of all good Hope.

Long hath he sought to free him selfe, but failes :

And therefore seeing nothing else preuailes,

A

Me,

*Me, to acquaint his Soueraigne, here he sends,
As one despairing of all other friends.
I doe presume that you will fauour shew him,
Now that a Messenger from thence you know him.
For many thousands that his face ne're knew,
Blame his Accusers, and his Fortune rue :
And by the helpe which your good word may doe,
He hopes for pittie from his Soueraigne to.
Then in his presence with your fauours grace him,
And there's no Vice so great, shall dare out-face him.*

To

To the Kings most Excellent
M A I E S T I E.

A S A T Y R E.

Quid tu, sperco?

WHat once the *Poet* said, I may auow,
'Tis a hard thing not to write *Satyr*, now,
Since, what we speake (abuse raigns so in all)
Spight of our hearts, will be *Satyr*icall.
Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My vnsmoother'd lines their rudenesse do not change;
Nor be distastefull to my gracious *King*,
That in the *Cage*, my old harsh notes I sing:
And rudely, make a *Satyr* here vnfold,
What others would in neater tearmes haue told.
And why? my friends and meanes in *Court* are scant,
Knowledge of curious phrase, and forme I want.
I cannot bear't to runne my selfe in debt,
To hire the *Groome*, to bid the *Page* entreat,
Some fauour'd *Follower* to vouchsafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord*.
I cannot sooth, (though it my life might saue,)
Each *Fauourite*, nor crouch to eu'ry *Knaue*.
I cannot brooke delayes as some men do,
With scoffes, and scornes, and tak't in kindnesse to.
For ere I'de binde my selfe for some slight grace,
To one that hath no more worth then his place.

D d a

Or

A Satyre.

Or, by a *base meane* free my selfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double:
Cause to be forc'd to what my mind disdaines,
Is worse to me then *tortures, rackes, and chaines.*
And therefore vnto thee I onely flye,
To whom there needs no meane but *Honesty.*
To thee, that lou'st nor *Parasite* or *Admiration*,
Should ere I speake possesse thee with opinion,
To thee, that do'st what thou wilt vndertake,
For loue of *Iustice*, not the *persons* sake.
To thee, that know'st how vaine all faire shewes be,
That flow not from the hearts sinceritie;
And canst, though shadowed in the simplest vaile,
Discerne both *Loue* and *Truth*, and where they faile.
To thee doe I appeale; in whom Heau'n knowes,
I next to God my confidence repose.
For, can it be thy Grace should euer shine,
And not enlighten such a Cause as mine?
Can my hopes (fixt in thee great *King*) be dead;
Or thou those *Satyrs* hatesthy *Forrests* bred?
Where shall my second hopes be founded then,
If euer I haue heart to hope agen?
Can I suppose a fauour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not?
Or that I may obtaine it in the land,
When I shall be deni'd it at thy hand?
And if I might, could I delighted be,
To take of others, when I mist of thee?
Or

A Satyre.

Or if I were, could I haue comfort by it,
When I should thinke my *Soueraigne* did deny it?
No; were I sure, I to thy hate were borne,
To seeke for others fauours, I would scorne.
For, if the best-worth-loues I could not gaine,
To labour for the rest I would disdaine.

But why should I thy fauour here distrust,
That haue a *cause* so knowne, and knowne so iust?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all suppose me wrong'd that heare my troubles.
Nay, though my fault were Reall, I beleue
Thou art so Royall, that thou wouldst forgiue.

For, well I know, thy sacred *Maiesty*
Hath euer beene admir'd for Clemency,
And at thy gentlenesse the world hath wondred,
For making Sun-shine, where thou mightest haue thun-
Yea, thou in mercy, life to them didst giue (dred.
That could not be content to see thee liue.

And can I thinke that thou wilt make me, then,
The most vnhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall Subiect, against reason,
Be punisht more for *Loue*, then some for *Treason*?
No, thou didst neuer yet thy glory staine
With an iniustice to the meanest *Swaine*.

'Tis not thy will I'me wrong'd, nor dost thou know,
If I haue suffred iniuries or no.

For if I haue not heard false *Rumours* flie,
Th'ast grac'd me with the stile of *Honesty*,

A Satyre.

And if it were so (as some thinke it was)
I cannot see how it should come to passe
That *thou*, from whole free *tongue* proceedeth nought
Which is not correspondent with thy thought.
Those thoughts to, being fram'd in *Reasons* mould,
Should speake that once, which should not ever hold.

But passing it as an vncertainety,
I humbly begge thee, by that *Majesty*,
Whose sacred *Glory* strikes a louing-fear
Into the hearts of all, to whom 'tis deare:
To deigne me so much fauour, without merit,
As read this plaint of a distempered spirit:
And thinke, vnlesse I saw some hideous storme,
Too great to be endur'd by such a *worme*,
I had not thus presum'd vnto a *King*,
With *Alops Fly*, to seeke an *Eagles* wing:

Know I am he, that entred once the list,
Gainst all the world to play the *Satyr*ist:
Twas I, that made my measures rough and rude,
Dance arm'd with whips amidst the multitude,
And vnappalled with my charmed *Scrowles*,
Teaz'd angry *Monsters* in their lurking holes.
I've plaid with *Wasps* and *Hornets* without feares,
Till mad they grew, and swarm'd about my eares.
I've done it, and me thinkes tis such braue sport,
I may be stung, but nere be sorry for't.
For, all my grieve is, that I was so sparing,
And had no more in't, worth the name of daring.

Heo

A Satyre.

He that will raxe these times must be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my spirits were benum'd,
My *inck* ran forth too smooth, twas too much gum'd;
I'de haue my *Pen* so paint it, where it traces,
Each accent, should draw blood into their faces.
And make them, when their *Villanies* are blazed,
Shudder and *startle*, as men halfe amazed,
For feare my *Verse* should make so loud a din,
Heauen hearing might raine vengeance on their sin.
Oh now, for such a straine! would *Art* could teach it,
Though halfe my spirits I consum'd to reach it.
Ide learne my *Muse* so braue a course to flie,
Men should admire the power of *Poesie*.
And those that dar'd her greatnesse to resist,
Quake euen at naming of a *Satyrist*.
But when his scourging numbers flow'd with wonder,
Should cry, *God blesse vs*, as they did at thunder.

Alas! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyrs* mouth vp fully.
Hot blood, and youth, enrag'd with passions store,
Taught me to reach a *straine* nere touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I throughly chide not:
And somewhat there is yet to doe, I did not.
More soundly could my scourge haue yerked many,
Which I omitted not for feare of any.
For want of action, discontentments rage,
Base dis-respect of *Vertue* (in this age)

A Satyre.

With other things which were to Goodnesse wrong,
Made me so fearelesse in my carelesse Song :
That, had not reason within compasse won me,
I had told *Truth* enough to haue vndone me.
(Nay, haue already, if that her Diuine
And vnseene power, can doe no more then mine.)
For though fore-seeing warinesse was good,
I fram'd my stile vnto a milder mood ;
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Though (as you saw) in a disguised shew
I brought my *Satyres* to the open view :
Hoping (their out-sides, being mis-esteem'd)
They might haue passed, but for what they seem'd :
Yet some whose *Comments* iumpe not with my minde,
In that low phrase, a higher reach would finde,
And out of their deepe iudgements seeme to know,
What 'tis vncertaine if I meant or no :
Ayming thereby, out of some private hate,
To worke my shame, or ouer-throw my state.
For, amongst many wrongs my foe doth doe me,
And diuers imputations laide vnto me,
(Deceiued in his ayme) he doth mis-consler
That which I haue entitl'd a *Man-like Monster*,
To meane some private person in the State,
Whose worth I sought to wrong out of my hate,
Vpbraiding me, I from my word doe start,
Either for want of better *Ground*, or *Heart*.

Cause

A Satyre.

Cause from his expectation I did vary
In the denying of his *Commentary*,
Whereas tis knowne I meant *Abuse* the while,
Not thinking any *one* could be so vile
To merit all those *Epithites* of shame,
How euer many doe deserue much blame.

But say, (I grant) that I had an intent
To haue it so (as he interprets) meant,
And let my gracious *Liege* suppose there were
One whom the *State* may haue iust cause to feare,
Or thinke there were a man (and great in *Court*)
That had more faults then I could well report;
Suppose I knew him, and had gone about
By some particular markes to paint him out,
That *he* best knowing his owne faults, might see,
He was the *Man* I would should noted be:
Imagine now such doings in this *Age*,
And that *this man* so pointed at, should rage,
Call me in question, and by his much threatening,
By long imprisonment, and ill-intreating
Urge a *Confession*, wert not a mad part
For me to tell *him*, what lay in my heart?
Doe not I know a great mans *Power* and *Might*,
In spite of *Innocence*, can smother *Right*,
Colour his *Villanies*, to get esteeme,
And make the *honest man* the *Villaine* seeme?
And that the truth I told should in conclusion,
For want of *Power* and *Friends* be my confusion?

I know

A Satyre.

I know it, and the world doth know tis true,
Yet, I protest, if such a man I knew,
That might my *Country* preiudice, or *Thee*,
Were he the greatest or the proudest *Hee*
That breathes this day: (if so it might be found,
That any good to *either* might redound.)
So far He be (though *Fate* against me run)
From starting off from that I haue begun,
I vn-appalled dare in such a case
Rip vp his foulest *Crimes* before his face,
Though for my *labour* I were sure to drop
Into the mouth of *Ruine* without hope.

But such strange farre-fetcht meanings they haue
As I was neuer priue to in thought; (sought,
And that vnto particulars would tie
Which I intended vniuersally.
Whereat *some* with displeasure ouer-gone,
(Those I scarce dream'd of, saw, or thought vpon)
Maugre those caueats on my *Satyrs* brow,
Their honest and iust passage disallow.
And on their heads so many censures rake,
That spight of *me*, themselues they'le guilty make.

Nor is't enough, to swage their discontent,
To say *I am* (or to be) *innocent*.
For as, when once the *Lyon* made decree,
No *horned beast* should nigh his presence be,
That, on whose fore-head onely did appeare
A *bunch of flesh*, or but some *tuft of haire*,

Was

A Satyre.

Was euen as farre in danger as the rest,
If he but said, it was a *borned beast* :
So, there be now, who thinke in that their power
Is of much force, or greater farre then our;
It is enough to proue a guilt in me,
Because (mistaking) they so think't to be.

Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not so high,
But they must stoope to *Thee* and *Equitis*.
And this I know, though prickt; they storme agen,
The world doth deeme them ne're the better men,
To stirre in filth, makes not the stench the lesse,
Nor doth Truth feare the frowne of Mightinesse.
Because those numbers she doth daigne to grace,
Men may suppress a while, but ne're deface.

I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmelesse lines should breed distaste in any :
And so, that (whereas most *good men* approue
My labour to be worthy thanks, and loue)
I as a *Villaine*, and my *Countries* foe,
Should be imprison'd, and so strictly to,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the resort of friends (which is more hard,)
And whilst each wanton, or loose *Rimers* Pen,
With oyle words, sleeke o're the sinnes of men,
Vayling his wits to euery *Puppets* becke,
Which ere I'le doe, I'le ioy to breake my necke.
(I say) while such as they in euery place
Can finde protection, patronage and grace;

If

A Satyre.

If any looke on me, 'tis but a skaunce
Or if I get a fauour, 'tis by chance.
I must protect my selfe: poore *Truth* and I
Can haue scarce one speake for our *honesty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attaine,
Malitious Hate, and *Envy* is my gaine,
And not alone haue here my *Freedome* lost,
Whereby my best hope's likely to be crost:
But haue beene put to more charge in one day,
Then all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.
What I haue done, was not for thirst of *gaine*,
Or out of hope *preferments* to attaine.
Since to contemne them, would more profit me,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be:
Yet they are helpe to *Vertue*, vs'd aright,
And when they wanting be, she wants her might.
For *Eagles* mindes ne're fit a *Rauens* feather,
To dare, and to be able, (sute together).

But what is't I haue done so worthy blame,
That some so eagerly pursue my fame?
Vouchsafe to view't with thine owne eyes, and trie
(Saue want of *Art*) what fault thou canst espie.
I haue not sought to scandalize the State,
Nor sowne sedition, nor made publike bate:
I haue not aym'd at any good mans fame,
Nor taxt (directly) any one by name.
I am not he that am growne discontent
With the Religion; or the Gouvernement.

I meant

A Satyre.

I meant no Ceremonies to protect,
Nor doe I sanour any new-sprung Sect;
But to my Satyres gave this onely warrant,
To apprehend and punish Vice apparant.
Who aiming in particular at none,
In generall vpbraided every one:

That each (vnshamed of himselfe) might view
That in himselfe, which no man dares to shew.

And hath this Age bred vp neat Vice so tenderly,

She cannot brooke it to be touch'd so slenderly?

Will she not bide my gentle Satyres bites?

Harme take her then, what makes she in their sights?

If with impatience she my Whip-cord feele,

How had she rag'd at my lash of Steele?

But am I call'd in question for her cause?

Is't Vice that these afflictions on me draws?

And need I now thus to Apologize,

Onely because I scourged Villanies?

Must I be faine to giue a reason why,

And how I dare allow of Honesty?

Whilst that each fleeing Parasite is bold

Thy Royall brow vndaunted to behold:

And euery Temporizer strikes a string,

That's Musicke for the hearing of a King?

Shall not he reach out to obtaine as much,

Who dares more for thee then a hundred such?

Heauen grant her patience, my Muse takes't so badly,

I feare shee'll lose her wits, for she raves madly.

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet let not my dread *Soueraigne* too much blame her,
Whose awfull presence, now hath made her tamer,
For if there be no *Fly* but hath her spleene,
Nor a poore *Pismire*, but will wreake her teene;
How shall I then, that haue both spleene and gall,
Being vniustly dealt with, beare with all?
I yet with *patience* take what I haue borne,
And all the worlds ensuing hate can *scorne*;
But 'twere in me as much stupiditie,
Not to haue feeling of an iniurie,
As it were weakenesse not to brooke it well;
What others therefore thinke I cannot tell;
But he that's lesse then *mad*, is more then *Man*,
Who sees when he hath done the best he can,
To keepe within the bounds of *Innocence*:
Sought to discharge his due to *God* and *Prince*,
That he, whilst *Villanies* vnreproued goe,
Scoffing, to see him ouer-taken so,
Should haue his good endeauours misconcei'd,
Be of his dearest *liberty* bereau'd,
And which is worse, without reason why,
Be frown'd on by *Authorities* grim eye.
By that great Power my soule so much doth feare,
She scornes the fearest frowner of a mortall Peere,
But that I *Vertue*-loue, for her owne sake,
It were enough to make me undertake
To speake as much in praise of *Vice* agen,
And practise some to plague these *blames* of men.

I meane

A Satyre.

I meane those my *Accusers*, who mistaking
My aymes, doe frame conceits of their owne making.
But if I list, I need not buy so deere
The iust *revenge* might be inflicted here.
Now could I *measures* frame in this iust fury,
Should sooner finde some guilty then a *Jury*:
The words, like *(swords)* (temper'd with *Art*) should pierce
And hang, and draw, and quarter them in verse.
Or I could racke them on the wings of *Fame*,
(*And he's halfe hang'd (they say) hath an ill name*)
Yea, I'de goe neere to make those guilty *Elues*,
Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselves;
And though this *Age* will not abide to heare
The faults reprov'd, that *Custom* hath made deare;
Yet, if I pleased, I could write their *crimes*,
And pile them vp in wals for after-times:
For they'le be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue,
To see some story of their Fathers true.
Or should I smother'd be in darknesse still,
I might not vse the freedome of a quill:
'Twould raise vp *braver spirits* then mine owne,
To make my cause, and this their guilt more knowne:
Who by that subiect should get *Love* and *Fame*,
Vnto my foes disgrace, and endlesse shame:
Those I doe meane, whose *Comments* haue mis-us'd me,
And to those *Peeres* I honour, haue accus'd me:
Making against my *Innocence* their batteries,
And wronging them by their base flatteries:

A Satyre.

But of revenge I am not yet so faine,
To put my selfe vnto that needlesse paine:
Because I know a greater Power there is,
That noteth smaller iniuries then this;
And being still as iust as it is strong,
Apportions due revenge for every wrong.

But why (some say) should his too saucy Rimes
Thus tax the wise and great ones of our times?
It suites not with his yeeres to be so bold,
Nor fits it vs by him to be controld,
I must confesse ('tis very true indeed)
Such should not of my censure stand in need,
But blame me not, I saw good *Vertue* poore,
Desert, among the most, thrust out of doore,
Honestie hated, *Curtisie* banished,
Rich men excessive, *poore men* famished:
Coldnesse in Zeale, in *Laws* partialitie,
Friendship but *Complement*, and vaine *Formalitie*,
Art I perceiue contem'd, while most aduance
(To offices of worth) *Rich Ignorance*:
And those that should our *Lights* and *Teachers* be
Liue (if not worse) as wantonly as we.
Yea, I saw *Nature* from her course ruane backe,
Disorders grow, *Good Orders* goe to wracke.
So to encrease what all the rest beganne,
I to this current of *confusion* ranne.
And seeing Age, left off the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the saucy wagge, and fell to chiding.

Wherein

A Satyre.

Wherein, how euer some (perhaps) may deeme,
I am not so much faulty as I seeme :
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Susanna's* honer,
And none withstood the Shame they laid vpon her;
A *Childe* rose vp to stand in her defence,
And spight of wrong confirm'd her *Innocence* :
To shew, *those must not, that good undertake,*
Straine curt'sie, who shall doe, for manners sake.
Nor doe I know, whether to me God gaue
A boldnesse more then many others haue,
That I might shew the world what shamefull blot
Vertue by her lasciuious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as some doe suppose,
My *Youth* so much corruption can disclose ;
Since euery day the Sunne doth light mine eyes,
I am informed of new villanies :
But it is rather to be wondred how
I either can, or dare be honest now.

And though againe there be some others rage,
That I should dare (so much aboue mine age)
Thus censure each degree, both young and old,
I see not wherein I am ouer-bold.
For if I haue beene plaine with *Vice*, I care not,
There's nought that I know good, and can, and dare not.
Onely this one thing doth my minde deterre,
Euen a feare (through ignorance) to erre.

But oh knew I, what thou would'st well approve,
Or might the small'st respect within thee moue ;

Ee

So

A Satyre.

So in the sight of God it might be good,
And with the quiet of my conscience stood :
(As well I know thy true integrity
Would command nothing against Piety :)
There's nought so dangerous, or full of feare,
That for my *Soueraignes* sake I would not dare:
Which good believe, would it did not possesse thee ;
Prouided some iust triall might reblesse me :
Yea, though a while I did endure the gall
Of thy displeasure in this loathsome thrall.
For notwithstanding in this place I lye
By the command of that *Authoritie*,
Of which I haue so much respectiue care,
That in mine *owne* (and iust) defence I feare
To vse the free speech that I doe intend,
Lest *Ignorance*, or *Rashnesse* should offend,
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy *Lawes* or *Thee*,
As he to whom thy *Place* and *Persons* dearest,
Or to himselfe that finds his conscience cleauest.
If there be *wrong*, tis not my making it,
All the offence is some's mistaking it.
And is there any Iustice borne of late,
Makes those faults mine, which others perpetrate ?
What man could euer any Age yet finde,
That spent his spirits in this thankelesse kinde,
Shewing his meaning, to such words could tye it,
That none could either wrong, or mis-apply it:

Nay;

A Satyre.

Nay, your owne *Laves*, which (as you doe intend)
In plain'st and most effectuall words are penn'd,
Cannot be fram'd so well to your intent,
But some there be will erre from what you meant.
And yet (alas) I must be ty'd vnto
What neuer any man before could doe?
Must all I speake, or write, so well be done
That none may pick more meanings thence then one?
Then all the world (I hope) will leaue dis-vnion,
And euery man become of one opinion.
But since some may, what care soe're we take,
Diuers constructions of our Writings make,
The honest *Readers* euer will conceaue
The best intention's, and all others leaue:
Chiefly in *that*, where I fore-hand protest
My meaning euer was the honestest,
And if I say so, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not so?
Sit other men so neare my thoughts to show it,
Or is my *heart* so open that all know it?
Sure if it were, they would no such things see,
As those whereof some haue accused mee.
But I care lesse how it be vnderstood,
Because the heauens know my intent was good.
And if it be so, that my too-free *Rimes*
Do much displease the world, and these bad times;
'Tis not my fault, for had I been imploy'd
In something else, all this had now been voyd.

Ec 2

Or

A Satyre.

Or if the world would but haue granted me
Wealth, or Affaires, whereon to busie me,
I now vnheard of, peraduenture than,
Had been as mute as some rich *Clergie-man*.

But they are much deceiu'd that thinke my minde
Will ere be still, while it can doing find;
Or that vnto the world so much it leanes,
As to be curtd for default of meanes.

No, though most be, all *Spirits* are not earth,
Nor suting with the fortunes of their birth,
My *body's* subiect vnto many Powers:

But my *soule's* as free, as is the *Emperours*;

And though to curbe her in, I oft assay,
She'll breake int' action spite of durt and clay.

And is't not better then to take this course,
Then fall to study mischiefes and doe worse?

I say she must haue action, and she shall:

For if she will, how can I doe withall?

And let those that o're-busie thinke me, know,

He made me, that knew, why he made me so.

And though there's some that say my thoughts doe flie
A pitch beyond my states sufficiency;

My humble minde, I giue my *Sauour* thanke

Aspires nought yet, aboue my fortunes ranke.

But say it did, wil't not besit a man

To raise his thoughts as neere *Heau'n* as he can?

Must the *free spirit* ty'd and curbed be

According to the bodies pouerty?

Or

A Satyre.

Or can it euer be so subiect to
Base *Change*, to rise, and fall, as fortunes doe?

Men borne to noble meanes, and vulgar mindes
Enioy their wealth; and there's no Law that bindes
Such to abate their substance, though their Pates
Want *Braines*, and they *worth*, to possesse such states,
So God to some, doth onely *great mindes* giue,
And little other meanes, whereon to liue.

What law or conscience then shall make them smother
Their *Spirit*, which is their life, more then other
To bate their substance? since if 'twere confest,
That a braue minde could euer be suppress't,
Were't reason any should himselfe deprive
Of what the whole world hath not power to giue?
For wealth is comon, and fooles get it to,
When to giue *Spirit's* more then *Kings* can do.

I speake not this, because I thinke there be
More then the ordinares't gifts in me;
But against those, who thinke I doe presume
On more then doth besit me to assume:
Or would haue all, whom *Fortune* barres from store,
Make themselues wretched, as she makes them poore.
And 'cause in other things she is vnkind,
Smother the matchlesse blessings of their minde:
Whereas (although her fauours doe forsake them)
Their *minds* are richer then the world can make them.
Why should a good attempt disgraced seeme,
Because the person is of meane esteeme?

A Satyre.

Verrue's a chaste *Queene*, and yet doth not scorne
To be embrac'd by him that's meanest borne,
Shee is the prop, that *Maiesties* support,
Yet one whom *Slaves* as well as *Kings* may court,
She loveth all that beare affection to her,
And yeelds to any that hath heart to wooe her.
So Vice, how high so e're she be in place,
Is that which *Groomes* may spit at in disgrace;
She is a strumpet, and may be abhor'd,
Yea, spurn'd at in the bosome of a *Lord*.
Yet had I spoke her faire, I had beene free,
As many others of her *Louers* be.
If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
I might haue beene a *villaine*, and done well;
Gotten some speciall favour, and not late
As now I doe, shut vp within a grate.
Or if I could haue hap't on some loose straine,
That might haue pleas'd the wanton *Readers* vaine;
Or but claw'd *Pride*, I now had been vnblam'd,
(Or else at least there's some would not haue sham'd
To plead my cause:) but see my fatall curse,
Sure I was either mad, or somewhat worse:
For I saw *Vices* followers bravely kept,
In *Silkes* they walkt, on beds of *Downe* they slept,
Richly they fed on dainties evermore,
They had their pleasure, they had all things store,
(Whil'st *Vertue* begg'd) yea, fauours had so many,
I knew they brook't not to be touch'd of any:

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet could not I, like other men, be wise,
Nor learne (for all this) how to temporize;
But must (with too much honesty made blind)
Vpbraid this loued darling of mankind:
Whereas I might haue better thriu'd by fayning:
Or if I could not chuse, but be complaining,
More safe I might haue rail'd on *Vertue* sure,
Because her louers and her friends are fewer.
I might haue brought some other things to passe,
Made *Fidlers Songs*, or *Ballads*, like an *Asse*,
Or any thing almost indeed but this.
Yet since 'tis thus, I'me glad 'tis so amisse;
Because if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that, wherein the best of euery time,
Hath beene found faulty (if they faulty be)
That doe reprove *Abuse* and *villany*.

For what I'me taxt, I can examples show,
In such old *Authors* as this State allow:
And I would faine once learne a reason why
They can haue kinder vsage here then I?
I muse men doe not now in question call
Seneca, *Horace*, *Persius*, *Iuuenall*,
And such as they? Or why did not that Age
In which they liued, put them in a *Cage*?
If I should say, that men were iuster then,
I should neere hand be made vn say't agen:
And therefore sure I thinke I were as good
Leaue it to others to be vnderstood.

A Satyre.

Yet I as well may speake, as deeme amisse,
For such this *Ages* curious cunning is,
I scarcely dare to let mine heart thinke ought,
For there be some will seeme to know my thought,
Who may out-face me that I thinke awry,
When there's no witnesse, but my *Conscience* by:
And then I likely am as ill to speed,
As if I spake, or did amisse indeed.

Yet lest those who (perhaps) may malice this,
Interpret also these few lines amisse,
Let them that after thee, shall reade or heare,
From a rash censure of my thoughts forbear.
Let them not mold the sense that this conraines
According to the forming of their braines,
Or thinke I dare, or can, here taxe those *Peeres*,
Whose *Worths*, their *Honours*, to my soule endeares,
(Those by whose loued-fear'd *Authority*)
I am restrained of my liberty:
For lest there yet may be a man so ill,
To haunt my lines with his blacke *Comment* still,
(In hope my lucke againe may be so good,
To haue my words once rightly vnderstood)
This I protest, that I doe not condonne
Cught as vnjust, that hath beene done by them;
For though my honest heart not guilty be
Of the least thought, that may disparage me;
Yet when such men as I, shall haue such foer,
Accuse me of such crimes, to such as those,

A Satyre.

Till I had meanes my *Innocence* to show,
Their *Iustice* could haue done no lesse then so.

Nor haue I such a proud conceited wit,
Or selfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To thinke it may not be that I haue run
Vpon some *Errors* in what I haue done,
Worthy this punishment which I endure;
(I say I cannot so my selfe assure)
For 'tis no wonder if their *Wisdomes* can
Discouer *Imperflections* in a man
So weake as I, (more then himselfe doth see)
Since my *sight* dull with *insufficiencie*,
In men more graue, and wiser farre then I,
Innumerable *Errors* doth espye,
Which they with all their knowledge l'le be bold,
Cannot (or will not) in themselves behold.
But ere I will my selfe accuse my Song,
Or keepe a *Tongue* shall doe my *Heart* that wrong,
To say I willingly in what I penn'd,
Did ought that might a *Goodmans* sight offend;
Or with my knowledge did insert one word,
That might disparage a true *Honour'd Lord*;
Let it be in my mouth a helpelesse sore,
And neuer speake so be beleued more.

Yet man irresolute is, vnconstant, weake,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty breake.
Lest therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this minde, and these words vn say,

Here

A Satyre.

Here to the *World* I doe proclaime before,
If e're my resolution be so poore,
T'is not the *Right*, but *Might* that makes me doe it;
Yea, nought but *fearefull basenesse* brings me to it;
Which if I still hate, as I now detest,
Neuer can come to harbor in my brest.

Thus my fault then (if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill vnwillingly,
But also, might I know it, I entend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend:
Hoping that *thou* wilt not be so seuerer,
To punish me aboue all other here,
But for m'intents sake, and my loue to *Truth*,
Impute my *Errors* to the heate of *Youth*,
Or rather *Ignorance*; then to my *Will*,
Which sure I am was *good*, what e're be *ill*,
And like to him now, in whose place thou art,
What e're the residue be, accept the *Heart*.
But I grow tedious, and my loue abus'd,
Disturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confus'd.
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye
On this my rude, vnfil'd *Apologie*.
Let not the bluntnesse of my phrase offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis penn'd,
By these abrupt lines in my iust defence,
Iudge what I might say for my innocence,
And thinke, I more could speake, that here I spare,
Because my power suites not to what I dare,

My

A Satyre.

My vnaffected *style* retaines (you see)
Her old *Frize-Cloake* of young *Rusticitie*:
If others will vse neater tearmes, they may,
Ruder I am, yet loue as well as they:
And (though if I would *smooth't* I cannot *doe't*)
My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot:
While here my Muse her discontent doth sing
To thee her great *Apollo*, and my *King*:
Emploring thee by that high sacred *Name*,
By *Iustice*, by those *Powers* that I could name,
By whatsoe're may moue, entreate I thee,
To be what thou art vnto all, to mee;
I feare it not, yet give me leaue to pray,
I may haue foes, whose power doth beare such sway,
If they but say I'me guilty of offence,
'Twere vaine for me to pleade my innocence.

But as the Name of God thou bearest, I trust
Thou imitat'st him to, in being iust:
That when the right of *Truth* thou comm'st to scan,
Thou'l't not respect the person of the man:
For if thou doe, then in my hope yndone,
The head-long way to ruine I must runne.
For whil'st that they haue all the helpes which may,
Procure their pleasure with my soone decay:
How is it like that I my peace can winne,
When all the ayde I haue, comes from within me?
Therefore (good King) that mak'st thy bounty shine
Sometime on those whose worths are small as mine;

Oh

A Satyre.

*Oh saue me now from Enuies dangerous shelve,
Or make me able, and I'le saue my selfe.*

Let not the want of that make me a scorne,
To which there are more *Fooles* then *Wise-men* borne.

Let me not for my *Meannesse* be dispis'd,
Nor others *greatnesse* make their words more priz'd.

For whatsoe're my outward *Fate* appeares,
My *Soule's* as good, my *Heart* as great as theirs.

My loue vnto my *Country* and to thee,
As much as his that more would seeme to be.

And would this *Age* allow but meanes to show it,
Those that misdoubt it, should ere long time know it.

Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie

Wasting my time in fruitlesse miserie.

Though I am meane, I may be borne vnto
That seruice, which another cannot doe.

In vaine the little Mouse the Lyon spar'd not,

Shee did him pleasure, when a greater dar'd not.

If ought that I haue done, doe thee displease,

Thy misconceiued wrath I will appease,

Or sacrifice my heart; but why should I

Suffer for God knowes whom, I know not why?

If that my words through some mistake offends,

Let them conceiue them right and make amends.

Or were I guilty of offence indeed,

One fault (they say) *doth but one pardon need*

Yet one I had, and now I want one more,

For once I stood accus'd for this before.

A Satyre.

As I remember I so long ago,
Sang *Thame*, and *Rhynes Epithalamion* :
When SHE that from thy Royall selfe deriues
Those gracious vertues that best Title giues:
She that makes *Rhine* proud of her excellencie,
And me oft minde her reuerence;
Daign'd in her great good-nature to encline
Her gentle eare to such a cause as mine;
And which is more, vouchsaf'd her word, to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were,)
So that I doe not now intreate, or sue
For any great boone, or request that's new:
But onely this (though absent from the Land)
Her former fauour still in force might stand:
And that her word (who present was so deere)
Might be as powerfull, as when she was here.
Which if I finde, and with thy fauour may
Haue leaue to shake my loathed bands away,
(As I doe hope I shall) and be set free
From all the troubles, this hath brought on me,
I'll make her Name giue life vnto a Song,
Whose neuer-dying note shall last as long
As there is either *Riuer*, *Grone* or *Spring*,
Or *Downe* for *Sheepe*, or *Shepheards* *Lad* to sing.
Yea, I will teach my *Muse* to touch a straine,
That was ne're reach't to yet by any *Swaine*.
For though that many deeme my yeeres vnrife,
Yet I haue learn'd to tune an *Oaten Pipe*,
Whereon

A Satyre.

Whereon I'll try what musicke I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her *Trumpe* awake me.)
And since the world will not haue *Vice* thus showne,
By blazing *Virtue* I will make it knowne.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approue
I'll goe vnto some *Mountaine*, or thicke *Groue*:
There to my fellow *Shepheards* will I sing,
Tuning my *Reede* vnto some dancing *Spring*,
In such a note, that none should dare to trouble it,
Till the *Hils* answer, and the *Woods* redouble it.
And peraduenture I may then goe neare
To speake of something thoult be pleas'd to heare:
And that which *those* who now my tunes abhorre,
Shall reade, and like, and daigne to loue me for:
But the meane while, oh passe not this suite by,
Let thy free hand signe me my liberty:
And if my loue may moue thee more to do,
Good King consider this my trouble to.
Others haue found thy fauour in distresse,
Whose loue to thee and thine I thinke was lesse.
And I might fitter for thy service line
On what would not be much for thee to giue.

And yet I aske it not for that I feare
The outward meanes of life should faile me here:
For though I want to compasse those good ends
I aime at for my *Countrie* and my *Friends*,
In this poore state I can as well content me,
As if that I had *Wealth* and *Honours* lent me.

Nor

A Satyre.

Nor for my *owne sake* doe I seeke to shunne
This *thraldome*, wherein now I seeme vndone:
For though I prize my *Freedom* more then *Gold*,
And vse the meanes to free my selfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) vnchang'd and free,
Here can I liue, and play with miserie:
Yea, in despite of want and slauerie,
Laugh at the world in all her brauerie:
Here haue I learn'd to make my greatest Wrongs
Matter of Mirth, and subiects but for Songs:
Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the meane mans suite is dis-respected;
Whil'st those that are more rich, and better friended;
Can haue twice greater faults thrice sooner ended.

All this, yea more, I see and suffer to,
Yet liue content midst discontentments I do.
Which whil'st I can, it is all one to me,
Whether in *Prison* or abroad it be:
For should I still lye here distressed and poore,
It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more;
Since to my selfe it is indifferent,
Where the small remnant of my daies be spent,
But for Thy sake, my *Countries*, and my *Friends*,
For whom, more then my selfe, God this life lends;
I would not, could I helpe it, be a scorne,
But (if I might) liue free, as I was borne:
Or rather for my *Mistris vertues* sake,
Faire Vertue, of whom most account I make,

If

A Satyre.

If I can chuse, I will not be debas'd
In this last action, lest She be disgrac'd:
For 'twas the loue of her that brought me to,
What Spleene nor Enmie could not make me do.
And if her *servants* be no more regarded;
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded,
And I should also *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
And if none liu'd to whom she dar'd appeale:
Will they that doe not yet her worth approue,
Be euer drawne to entertaine her loue,
When they shall see him plagu'd as an *Offender*,
Who for the loue he beares her, doth commend her?

This may to others more offensive be,
Then preiudiciall any way to me:
For who will his endeauours euer bend
To follow her, whom there is none will friend?
Some I doe hope there be that nothing may
From loue of *Truth* and *Honesty* dismay.
But who will (that shall see my euill *Fortune*)
The remedy of *Times Abuse* importune?
Who will againe, when they haue smother'd me,
Dare to oppose the face of *Villany*?
Whereas he must be faine to vndertake
A *Combat* with a second *Lernean Snake*;
Whose euer-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two springs, for each one he lops,
But also he shall see in midst of dangers,
Those he thought *friends* turne *foes*, at least-wise *strangers*.

More

A Satyre.

More I could speake, but sure if this doe faile me,
I neuer shall doe ought that will auaille me;
Nor care to speake againe, vnlesse it be
To him that knowes how *heart and tongue agree*;
No, nor to liue, when none dares vndertake
To speake one word for honest *Vertues* sake.
But let *his will be done*, that best knowes what
Will be my *future* good, and what will not,
Hap *well* or *ill*, my spotlesse *meaning's* faise,
And for *thee*, this shall ever be my prayer,
That thou maist here enioy a long-blest Raigne,
And dying, be in Heauen re-crown'd againe.

SO now, if thou hast daign'd my *Lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall *me* that I feare:
For if *thou* hast compassion on my trouble,
The *Ioy* I shall receiue will be made double;
And if I fall, it may some *Glory* be,
That none but I O V E himselfe did ruine me.

*Your Maiesties most loyall Subiect,
and yet Prisoner in the Marshalsey.*

GEORGE WITHER

More I could speak, but time doth fail me;
 I need not dwell on that which I have said;
 Nor care to speak of that which I have said;
 To him that knows how true and honest I am;
 No need to live with that which I have said;
 To speak one word for that which I have said;
 But let me know that I am known to you;
 Will be my future good, and what will do;
 Happ well of all my thoughts and words;
 And for that, this shall ever be my prayer;
 That I may live and see you long and true;
 And may be in Heaven as you are now.

So now, if thou had daign'd my Love to hear;
 There's nothing can befall me that I fear;
 For if thou had compassion on my trouble;
 The Joy I shall receive will be made double;
 And if I tell it may some Glory be;
 That now I have to you a message did bring.

Your Maieities most loyal Subject,
 And yet Person in the Maieities

GEORGE WITHER.

Epithalamia:

OR

NVPTIALL POEMS

VPON THE MOST BLESSED

AND HAPPY MARRIAGE

betweene the High and Mighty Prince

Frederick the fifth, Count Palatine

of the Rhine, Duke of

Bauier, &c.

AND THE MOST VERTVOVS,

Gracious, and thrice Excellent Princeesse, *Elizabeth,*

Sole Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, Iames, by

the grace of God King of Great Britaine,

France and Ireland, Defender of

the Faith, &c.

Celebrated at *White-Hall* the fourteenth

of February. 1612.

Written by George Wither.

LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls-*

Church-yard, at the signe of the *Greene*

Dragon, 1622.

Epithalamia:

OR

WEDDING POEMS

UPON THE MOST BLESSED

AND HAPPY MARRIAGE

between the High and Mighty Prince

Friedrich the 5th, Count Palatine

of the Rhine, Duke of

Bavaria &c.

AND THE MOST VERTUOUS

Gracious and most Excellent Princess, Elizabeth,

Self Daughters to our dread Sovereign James, by

the grace of God King of Great Britain

France and Ireland Defender of

the Faith &c.

Celebrated at White-Hall the fourteenth

of February. 1613.

Written by George Wither.

LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for Iohn Budge, dwelling in Pauls

Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene

Dragon, 1613.

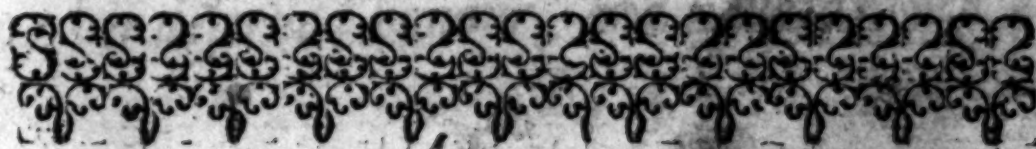


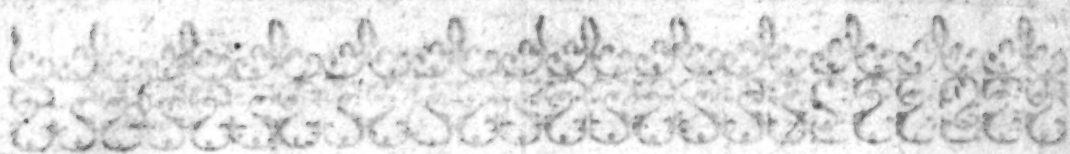
TO THE ALL-VER-
TVOVS AND THRICE
EXCELLENT PRINCESSE

*Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread
Souveraigne, Iames by the grace of
God, King of Great Britaine,
France and Ireland,
&c.*

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTY PRINCE, FREDERICK
the fifth, Count Palatine of the *Rheine*, Duke
of *Banier*, &c. *Elector*, and *Arch-see* to
the sacred Roman Empire, during
the vacancy Vicar of the same,
and Knight of the most hono-
rable Order of the
Garter.

George Wither wisheth all the Health;
Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this World,
*in this life, and the perfections of eternity
in the World to come.*





TO THE AL-
TVOVS AND THRICE
EXCELLENT PRINCESSE

Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread

sovereign, James, the sixth

God King of Great Brittain,

France and Ireland,

&c.

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTY PRINCE, FREDERICK

the fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke

of Bar, &c. Elector, and Arch-bishop

the Elector, Roman Empire, during

the minority of the late James

and Knight of the most hono-

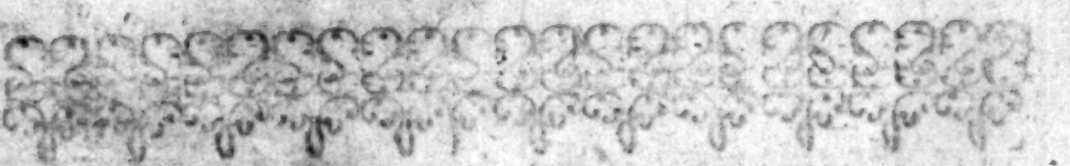
rable Order of the

Garter.

George Withers wisheth all the Health,
Joyes, Honours, and Felicities of this World,

in this life, and the perfectiours of eternitie

in the World to come.





To the Christian Readers.



Readers ; for that in my booke of Satyricall Eſſayes , I haue been deemed ouer Cynicall ; to ſhew , that I am not wholly inclined to that Vaine : But indeede eſpecially, out of the loue which in duty I owe to thoſe incomparable Princes, I haue in honour of their Royall Solemnities , publiſhed theſe ſhort Epithalamiaes. By which you may perceiue (how euer the world thinke of me) I am not of ſuch a Churliſh Conſtitution, but I can afford Vertue her deſerued honour ; and haue as well an

• To the Reader.

*affable looke to encourage Honesty; as a sterne
frowne to cast on Villanie: If the Times
would suffer me, I could be as pleasing as others;
and perhaps ere long I will make you amends
for my former rigor; Meane while I commit
this vnto your censures; and bid
you farewell.*



Epithalamion.



Right *Northerne* Starre, and great *Minervaes*
peere,

Sweete *Lady* of this *Day*: Great *Britaines*
decre.

Loe thy poore *Vassall*, that was erst so rude,
With his most *Rusticke Satyrs* to intrude,

Once more like a poore *Silvan* now drawes neare;

And in thy sacred *Presence* dares appeare.

Oh let not that sweete *Bow* thy *Brow* be bent,

To scarre him with a *Shaft* of discontent:

One looke with *Anger*, nay thy gentlest *Frowne*,

Is twice enough to cast a *Greater* downe.

My *Will* is euer, neuer to offend,

These that are good; and what I here intend,

Your *Worth* compels me to: For lately greeu'd,

More then can be exprest, or well belceu'd;

Minding for euer to abandon sport,

And liue exile from places of resort;

Carelesse of all, I yeelding to securitie,

Thought to shut vp my *Muse* in darke obscuritie:

And

Epithalamia.

And in content, the better to repose,
A lonely Grove vpon a Mountaine chose.
East from *Caer Winn*, mid-way twixt *Arle* and *Dis*,
True Springs, where Britains true *Arcadia* is.
But ere I entred my intended course,
Great *Aolus* began to offer force.

* The boisterous King was growne so mad with rage,
That all the Earth, was but his furies stage.
Fire, *Ayre*, *Earth*, *Sea*, were intermixt in one:
Yet *Fire*, through *Water*, *Earth* and *Ayre* shone.
The *Sea*, as if she ment to whelme them vnder,
Beat on the *Cliffes*, and rag'd more loud then thunder:
And whilst the *vales* she with salt waues did fill,
The *Aire* showr'd floods, that drencht our highest hill;
And the proud trees, that would no dutie know,
Lay ouer-turned, twenties in a Row.
Yea, euery Man for feare, fell to *Denotion*,
Lest the whole *Ile* should haue bin drencht in th'*Ocean*.
Which I perceiuing, coniu'd vp my *Muse*,
The *Spirit*, whose good helpe I sometime vse:
And though I ment to breake her rest no more,
I was then faine her aide for to implore.
And by her helpe indeed, I came to know,
Why, both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled so.
For hauing vrg'd her, that she would vnfold
What cause she knew: Thus much at last she told.
Of late (quoth she) there is by powers Diuine;
A match concluded, twixt Great *Thame* and *Rhine*.

Epithalamia.

Two famous Rivers, equall both to Nile:
The one, the pride of Europes greatest Ile.
Th' other disdaining to be closely pent;
Washes a great part of the Continent.
Yet with abundance, doth the Wants supply,
Of the still-thirsting Sea, that's neuer dry.
And now, these, being not alone endear'd,
To mightie Neptune, and his watrie Heard:
But also to the great and dreadful Ioue,
With all his sacred Companies about,
Both have assented by their Loues inslitting:
To grace (with their owne presence) this Vniting.
Ioue call'd a Summons to the Worlds great wonder,
'Twas that we heard of late, which we thought thunder,
A thousand Legions he intends to send them,
Of Cherubins and Angels to attend them:
And those strong Windes, that did such blustering keepe,
Were but the Tritons, sounding in the Deepe,
To warne each River, petty Streame and Spring,
Their aide vnto their Soueraigne to bring.
The Floods and Showres that came so plenteous downe,
And lay entrencht in euery Field and Towne,
Were but retainers to the Nobler sort,
That owe their Homage at the Watrie Court:
Or else the Streames not pleas'd with their owne store,
To grace the Thames, their Mistis, borrowed more,
Exacting from their neighbouring Dales and Hills,
But by consent all (wrought against their wills.)

The reason of
the temperate
Winter.

Yet

Epithalamia.

Yet now, since in this firre are brought to ground
Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
And daily found of broken Ships great store,
That lie dismembred upon euery Shore:
With diuers other mischiefes knowne to all,
This is the cause that those great harmes befall.
Whilst other, things in readinesse, did make,
Hells hatefull Hags from out their prison brake:
And spighting at this hopesull match, began
To wreake their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, and Man.
Some hauing shapes of Romish shauelings got,
Spew'd out their venomes; and began to plot
Which way to thwart it: others made their way
With much distraction thorough Land and Sea
Extreamely raging. But Almighty Ioue
Perceiues their Hate and Enuie from above:
He'le checke their furie, and in yrons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd, shall be restrain'd:
Hee'le shut them up, from comming to molest
The Meriments of Hymens holy feast.
Where shall be knit that sacred Gordian knot,
Which in no age to come shall be forgot.
Which Policie nor Force shall nere untie,
But must continue to eternitie:
Which for the whole Worlds good was fore-decreed,
With Hope expected long; now come indeed.
And of whose future glory, worth, and merit
Much I could speake with a prophetlike spirit.

Th

the cause of all
the dangers as
out during
distempera-
of the ayre.

Epithalamia.

thus by my *Muses* deare assistance, finding
the cause of this disturbance, with more minding
my Countries welfare, then my owne content,
and longing to behold this *Tales* event:
my lonely life I suddenly forsooke,
and to the *Court* againe my Iourney tooke.

Meane-while I saw the furious *Windes* were laid;
the risings of the swelling *Waters* staid.

The *Winter* gan to change in every thing,
and seem'd to borrow mildnesse of the *Spring*.

The *Violet* and *Primrose* fresh did grow,
and as in *Aprill*, trim'd both *Capt* and *rowe*.

The *Ciise*, that I left in mourning clad,
grouching, as if it would haue still beene sad,

found deckt vp in robes so neat and trimme,
faire *Iris* would haue look't but stale and dimme.

In her best colours, had she there appear'd,
the *Sorrows* of the *Court* I found well cleer'd,

their wofull habits quite cast off, and ty'd
in such a glorious fashion: I admir'd.

All her chiefe *Peeres* and choicest beauties to,
in greater pompe, then *Mortals* vse to doe,

Wait as attendants. *Iuno*'s come to see,
because she heares that this solemnitie

exceeds faire *Hippodamia*'s (where the strife
twixt her, *Minerva*, and lame *Vulcans* wife

did first arise,) and with her leades along
noble, stately, and a mighty throng.

He reacheth the
most aduantage
alteration of
weather a while
before this
Nuptials.

The goddess
preparation for
this solemnity
the state which
she there a
logically dis
bed.

Venus

Epithalamia.

Venus, (attended with her rarest features,
Sweet lovely-smiling, and heart-mov'ing creatures,
The very fairest *Jewels* of her treasure,
Able to move the senceles stones to pleasure.)
Of all her sweetest *Saints*, hath robd their shrines;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from these triumphs lurke;
Her noblest wits, she freely sets on worke.
Of late she summond them vnto this place,
To doe your maskes and *Reuels* better grace.
Here * *Mars* himselfe to, clad in Armour bright,
Hath showne his furie in a bloudleile fight,
And both on land and water, sternely drest,
Acted his bloody *Stratagems* in iest:
Which (to the people, frightened by their error,)
With seeming wounds and death did ad more terror;
Besides, to giue the greater cause of wonder,
Ioue did vouchsafe a ratling peale of thunder:
Comets and *Meteors* by the starres exhald,
Were from the *Middle-Region* lately cald;
And to a place appointed made repaire,
To show their fierie Friscols in the aire,
People innumerable doe resort,
As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court:
Yea, *Hymen* in his Saffron-coloured weed,
To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
All this I see: which seeing, makes me borrow
Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe sorrow.

And

Epithalamia.

And yet not this: but rather the delight
My heart doth take in the much hoped sight
Of these thy glories, long already due;
And this sweet comfort, that my eyes doe view
Thy happy Bridegroome, *Prince Count Palatine*,
Now thy best friend and truest *Valentine*.
Vpon whose brow, my minde doth reade the storie
Of mightie *fame*, and a true future glorie.
Me thinkes I doe foresee already, how
Princes and *Monarchs* at his stirrop bow:
I see him shine in Steele, the bloudy fields
Already won, and how his proud foe yeelds.
God hath ordaind him happinelle great store:
And yet in nothing is he happy more,
Then in thy loue (*faire Princeesse* :) For (vnlesse
Heauen, like to *Man*, be prone to ficklenesse)
Thy *Fortunes* must be greater in effect,
Then *time* makes show of, or *men* can expect.
Yet, notwithstanding all those goods of *fate*,
Thy *Minde* shall euer be about thy *state*:
For ouer and beside thy proper merit,
Our last *Eliza* grants her Noble spirit
To be re-doubled on thee, and your *names*
Being both one, shall giue you both one *fame*.
Oh blessed thou! and they to whom thou giur'st
The leaue for to be attendants where thou liu'st
And haplesse we, that must of force let goe,
The matchlesse treasure we esteeme of so,

But

Epithalamia.

But yet we trust 'tis for our good and thine;
Or else thou shouldst not change thy *Thame* for *Rhine*.
We hope that this will the vniting proue
Of *Countries* and of *Nations* by your *loue*.
And that from out your blessed loynes, shall come
Another terror to the *Whore of Rome*:
And such a stout *Achilles*, as shall make
Her tottering Walls and weake foundation shake:
For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes doe require,
Thy *Issue* should be greater then his *fire*.
But (*Gracious Princeesse*) now since thus it fares,
And God so well for you and vs prepares:
Since he hath daign'd such honours for to doe you,
And showne himselfe so fauourable to you:
Since he hath chang'd your sorrowes, and your sadnes,
Into such great and vunexpected gladnesse:
Oh now remember you to be at leasure,
Sometime to thinke on him amidst your pleasure:
Let not these glories of the world deceaue you,
Nor her vaine fauours of your selfe bereaue you.
Consider yet for all this *Iollitie*,
Y'are mortall, and must feele mortalitie:
And that God can in midst of all your ioyes,
Quite dash this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.
Triumphes are fit for *Princes*; yet we finde
They ought not wholly to take vp the minde,
Nor yet to be let passe, as things in vaine:
For out of all things, wit will knowledge gaine.

Musique

Epithalamia.

Musique may teach of difference in degree,
The best tun'd *Common-Weales* will framed bee :
And that he moues, and liues with greatest grace,
That vnto *Time* and *Measure* ties his pace.
Then let these things be * *Emblames*, to present
Your minde with a more lasting true content.
When you behold the infinite resort,
The glory and the splendor of the Court ;
What wondrous fauours God doth here bequeath you,
How many hundred thousands are beneath you ;
And view with admiration your great blisse,
Then with your selfe you may imagine this.
'Tis but a blast, or transitory shade,
Which in the turning of a hand may fade.
Honours, which you your selfe did neuer winne,
And might (had God been pleas'd) anothers binne ;
And thinke, if shadows haue such maiestie,
What are the glories of eternitie ;
Then by this image of a fight on Sea,
Wherein you heard the thundring Canons plea ;
And saw flames breaking from their murdering throats,
Which in true skirmish, sling resistlesse shots ;
Your wisdom may (and will no doubt) begin,
To cast what perill a poore *Souldiers* in :
You will conceaue his miseries and cares,
How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he shares :
Then though the most pass't over, and neglect them,
That *Rethoricks* will moue you to respect them.

He declares what is to be made of these shewes and triumphes, and what meditation on them may be occupied about, when we behold them.

Epithalamia.

And if hereafter, you should hap to see
Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts disgraces be :)
I meane such Chamber-combatants ; who neuer
Weare other Helmet, then a Hat of *Bener* :
Or nere board *Pinnace* but in silken saile ;
And in the steed of boysterous shirts of maile,
Goe arm'd in *Cambrick* : If that such a *Kite*
(I say) should scorne an *Eagle* in your sight ;
Your *wisedome* iudge (by this experience) can,
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The *nights* strange * prospects, made to feed the eies,
With Artfull fiers, mounted in the skies :
Graced with horred claps of sulphury thunders ;
May make you minde th' *Almighties* greater wonders.
Not is there any thing, but you may thence
Reape inward gaine ; as well as please the *Sense*.
But pardon me (*oh fairest*) that am bold,
My heart thus freely, plainly, to vnfold.
What though I know, you knew all this before :
My loue *this* shoves, and that is something more.
Do not my honest seruice here disdain,
I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine.
I'me none of those that haue the means or place,
With shoves of cost to doe your *Nuptials* grace :
But onely master of mine owne desire,
Am hither come with others to admire.
I am not of those *Heliconian* wits ;
Whose pleasing straines the Courts knowne humour fits,

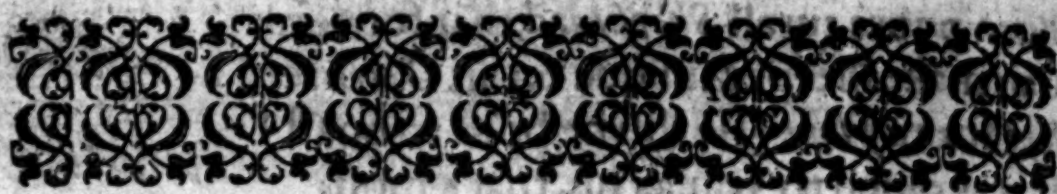
But

Epithalamia.

But a poore rurall *Shepherd*, that for need,
Can make sheepe Musique on an *Oaten* reed :
Yet for my *love* (Ile this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most.
Which, since I no way else can now explaine,
If you'l in midst of all these *glories* daigne,
To lend your eares vnto my *Muse* so long,
She shall declare it in a *Wedding* song.

Gg2

Epitha-



Epithalamion.

The
Marriage
being on
S. *Valen-*
tines day,
the Au-
thor
shows it
by begin-
ning with
the salu-
tation of
a suppo-
sed *Va-*
lentine.

V *Alentine*, good morrow to thee,
Loue and seruice both I owe thee ;
And would waite vpon thy pleasure ;
But I cannot be at leasure :
For, I owe this *day* as debter,
To (a thousand times) thy better.

Hymen now will haue effected
What hath been so long expected :
*T*hame thy *Mistris*, now vnwedded ;
Soone, must with a *Prince* be bedded,
If thou'lt see her *Virgin* euer,
Come, and doe it now, or neuer.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora* ?
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora* :
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat st, and fearst adorning :
Cleare your fore-heads, and be sprightfull,
That this *day* may seeme delightfull.

Epithalamia.

All you *Nymphs* that vse the Mountaines,
Or delight in groues and fountaines;
Shepherdesses, you that dally,
Either vpon Hill or Valley:
And you daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Vestaes* power.

Oh you sleepe too long; awake yee,
See how *Time* doth ouertake yee.
Harke, the *Larke* is vp and singeth,
And the house with ecchoes ringeth.
Pretious howers, why neglect yee,
Whil'ft affaires thus expect yee?

Come away vpon my blessing,
The *Bride-chamber* lies to dressing:
Strow the wayes with leaues of *Roses*,
Some make garlands, some make *poses*:
'Tis a fauour, and't may loy you,
That your *Mistrie* will employ you,

Where's a *Sabrina*, with her daughters,
That doe sport about her waters:
Those that with their lockes of *Amber*,
Haunt the fruitfull hills of *Camber*:
We must haue to fill the number,
All the *Nymphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Epithalamia.

Fie, your haste is scarce sufficing,
For the *Bride's* awake and rising.
Enter beauties, and attend her;
All your helpes and service lend her:
With your quaint'st and new'st deuises,
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamisis*.

See; shee's ready: with *loyes* greet her,
Lads, goe bid the *Bride-groome* meet her:
But from rash approach aduise him,
Lest a too much loy surprize him,
None I ere knew yet, that dared,
View an *Angell* vnprepared.

Now vnto the *Church* she hies her;
Ennie bursts, if she espies her:
In her gestures as she paces,
Are vnited all the *Graces*:
Which who sees and hath his senses,
Loues in spight of all defences.

O most true maiestick creature I
Nobles did you note her feature?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Loue* to yeeld deuotion;
And as you were euen desiring,
Something check you for aspiring?

That's

Epithalamia.

That's her *Vertue* which still tanneth
Loose desires, and bad thoughts blameth:
For whil'ft others were vnruely,
She obseru'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that meanes obtained
Gifts of her that none haue gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groom*, d'ye not spie him?
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth.
Much of him my heart diuineth:
On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth:

Two such *Creatures* *Nature* would not
Let one place long keepe: she should not;
One shee'l haue (she cares not whether,)
But our *Lones* can spare her neither.
Therefore ere we'le so be spighted,
They in one shall be vnited.

Natures selfe is well contented,
By that meanes to be preuented,
And behold they are retired,
So conioyn'd, as we desired:
Hand in hand, not onely fixed,
But their hearts, are intermixed.

Epithalamia.

Happy they and we that see it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *Heaven* my deuotion,
Make this *Rhine* and *Tbame* an *Ocean*:
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelme the pride of *Tyber* ynder.

Tyber
the Ri-
er which
anneth
y Rome.

White-
hall.

Now yon ^b *Hall* their persons shroudeth,
Whither all this people croudeth:
There they feasted are with plenty,
Sweet *Ambrosia* is no deinty.
Groomes quaffe *Nectar*; for theres meeter,
Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

Young men all, for ioy goe ring yee,
And your merriest *Carols* sing yee.
Here's of *Damzels* many choices,
Let them tune their sweetest voyces.
For the *Muses* to, to cheare them;
They can rauish all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highbesse* pleasures,
To behold you foot the *Measures*:
Louely gestures addeth graces,
To your bright and *Angell* faces.
Giue your actiue mindes the *bridle*:
Nothing worse then to be idle.

Worthies

Epithalamia.

*Worthies, your affaires forbear yee,
For the State a while may spare yee:
Time was, that you loved sporting,
Haue you quite forgot your Courting?
Ioy the heart of Cares beguileth:
Once a yeere Apollo smileth.*

*Semel
in an-
nori-
det
Apel.*

*Fellow Shepheards, how I pray you,
Can your flocks at this time stay you?
Let vs also hie vs thither,
Let's lay all our wits together,
And some Pastorall inuent them,
That may show the loue we ment them.*

*I my selfe though meanest flated,
And in Court now almost hated,
Will knit vp my ^a Scurge, and venter
In the midst of them to enter,
For I know, there's no disdainings,
Where I looke for entertaining.*

*e Abuses
strip
and
whipe.
He no-
terb the
wildness
of the
winter
which,
except
ring that
the be-
ginning
was very
windy,
was as
tempe-
rate as
the
spring.*

*See, me thinkes the very season,
As if capable of Reason,
Hath laine by her native rigor,
The faire Sun-beames haue more vigor.
They are *Eols* most endeared:
For the *Ayre's* still'd and cleared,*

Fawnes

Epithalamia.

Fawns, and *Lambs* and *Kidds* doe play,
In the honour of this day:
The shrill *Black-Bird*, and the *Thrush*
Hops about in euery bush:
And among the tender twigs,
Chaunt their sweet harmonious ijs.

Most men
are of o-
pinion
that this
day euery
bird doth
huse her
mate for
that year. Yea, and mou'd by this example,
They doe make each *Groue* a temple:
Where their *time* the best way vsing,
They their *Summer lones* are chusing.
And vnlesse some *Charles* do wrong them,
There's not an od bird among them.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groues and hills by *Ecchoes* talking:
Reeds vnto the small brooks whistling,
Whil'st they danc't with pretty rustling.
Then for vs to sleepe 'twere pittie,
Since *dumb creatures* are so witty.

But oh *Titan*, thou dost dally,
Hie thee to thy *Westerne Valley*:
Let this night one hower borrow
She shall pay't againe to morrow:
And if thou'lt that fauor do them,
Send thy sister *Phoebe* to them.

But

Epithalamia.

But shee's come her selfe vnmasked,
And brings a *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.
None yet saw, or heard in storie,
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
View not, without preparation;
Lest you faint in admiration.

By these
he means
the two
Masques,
one of
them be-
ing pre-
sented
by the
Lords, the
other by
the Gen-
try.

Say my *Lords*, and speake truth barely,
Mou'd they not exceeding rarely?
Did they not such praises merit,
As if *flesh* had all beene *spirit*?
True indeed, yet I must tell them,
There was *One* did farre excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night vnawares away is stealing:
Their delay the poore *bed* wrongeth,
That for *Bride* with *Bride-groome* longeth:
And aboue all other places,
Must be blest with their embraces.

Renellers, then now forbear yee,
And vnto your rests prepare yee:
Let's a while your absence borrow,
Sleep to night, and *dance* to morrow.
We could well allow your *Courting*:
But 'twill hinder better *sporting*.

They

Epithalamia.

They are gone, and *Night* all lonely,
Leaues the *Bride* with *Bridegroom* onely.

Muse now tell; (for thou hast power
To sic thorough wall or tower:)
What contentments their hearts cheareth,
And how lonely she appeareth.

And yet doe not; tell it no man,
Rare conceits may so grow common:
Doe not to the *Vulgar* show them,
(*'Tis enough that thou dost know them.*)
Their ill hearts are but the *Center*,
Where all misconceivings enter.

But thou *Luna* that dost lightly,
Haunt our downes and forrests nightly:
Thou that fauour'st generation,
And art helpe to procreation:
See their *issue* thou so cherish,
I may liue to see it flourish.

And you *Planets*, in whose power
Doth consist these liues of ours,
You that teach vs *Divinations*,
Helpe with all your *Constellations*,
How to frame in *Her*, a creature,
Blest in *Fortune*, *Wit*, and *Feature*.

Lastly,

Epithalamia.

Lastly, oh you *Angels* ward them,
Set your sacred *Spells* to gard them;
Chase away such feares or terrors,
As not being, seemethrough errors :
Yea, let not a *dreames* molesting,
Make them start when they are resting.

But **T H O V** chiefly, most adored,
That shouldst onely be implored :
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whether ere in show it bendeth :
Let them rest to night from sorrow,
And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my request be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and all things needfull.
Let not these my straines of *Folly*,
Make *true prayer* be vnholly :
But if I haue here offended :
Helpe, forgiue, and lee it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muses*
Hastie issue, she peruses;
Make it vnto her seeme gratefull,
Though to all the *World* else hatefull.
But how er'e, yet *Souls* perseuer
Thus to wish her good for euer.

Thou

Epithalamia.

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh may the Ioyes thereof continue long!
Let *Heauens* iust, all-seeing, sacred power,
Fauour this happy marriage day of your;
And blesse you in your chaste embraces so,
We *Britains* may behold before you goe
The hopefull issue we shall count so deare,
And whom (vnborne) his foes already feare:
Yea, I desire, that all your sorrowes may
Neuer be more, then they haue been to day.
Which hoping; for acceptance now I sue,
And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adue.
I saw the sight I came for; which I know
Was more then all, the world beside could show.
But if amongst *Apolloes* Lays, you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pan*;
Or thinke your Country *Shepherd* loues as deare,
As if he were a *Courtier*, or a *Peere*:
Then I, that else must to my Cell of paine,
Will ioyfull turne vnto my flocke againe:
And there vnto my fellow *shepherds* tell,
Why you are lou'd; wherein you doe excell,
And when we driue our flocks a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praises, that it shall amaze them;
And thinke that *Fate* hath new recald from death
Their still-lamented, sweete *Elizabeth*.
For though they see the *Court* but now and then,
They know *desert* as well as *Greater* men:

And

Epithalamia.

And honor'd *Fame* in them doth live or die,
As well as in the mouth of *Majestie*.
But taking granted what I here intreat;
At heaven for you my *devotions* beat:
And though I feare, *fate* will not suffer me
To doe you service, where your *Fortunes* be:
How ere my skill hath yet despised seem'd,
(And my vnripened wit been misesteem'd.)
When all this costly *Show* away shall flit,
And not one live that doth remember it;
If *Envies* trouble let not to perseuer;
I'll find a meanes to make it knowne for euer.

CERTAIN



CERTAINE
PIGRAMS CON-
CERNING MAR-
RIAGE.

Epigram 1.



*Is said; in Marriage above all the rest
The children of a King finde comforts least,
Because without respect of Love or Hate
They must, and oft be, ruled by the State:
But if contented Love, Religions care,
Equalitie in State, and yeares declare
A happie Match (as I suppose no lesse)
Then rare and great's Elizaco Happinesse.*

Epigram

Epithalamia.

Epigram. 2.

GOd was the first that Marriage did ordaine,
By making One, Two; and Two, One againe;

Epigram. 3.

Souldier; of thee I aske, for thou canst best,
Having knowne sorrow, iudge of loy and Rest:
What greater blisse, then after all thy harmes,
To haue a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine;
And lying prison'd 'twixt her Iuery armes,
There tell what thou hast scape by powers diuine?
How many round thee thou hast murdered scene;
How oft thy soule hath beene weere hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
Whil'st she thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health, and pittie of thy paine;
Doth weepe and kisse, and kisse and weeps againe.

Epigram. 4.

Faire Helen having slay'd her husbands bed,
And mortall hatred 'twixt two Kingdomes bred;
Had still remaining in her so much good,
That Heroes for her lost their dearest blood:

Epithalamia.

*Then if with all that ill, such worth may last,
Ob what is she worth, that's as faire, and chaste!*

Epigram. 5.

Old Orpheus knew a good wifes worth so well,
That when his dy'd, he followed her to hell,
And for her losse, at the Elizean Grone,
He did not onely Ghosts to pitty mone,
But the sad Poet breath'd his sighes so deepe;
Tis said, the Diuels could not chuse but weepe.

Epigram. 6.

Long did I wonder, and I wonder much,
Romes Church should from her Clergie take that due;
I thought I, why should she that contentment grutch?
What, doth she all with continence indue?
No: But why then are they debar'd that state?
Is she become a foe unto her owne?
Doth she the members of her body hate?
Or is it for some other cause unshowne?
Ob yes: they find a womans lips so dainty:
They tyè themselues from one, cause they'l haue twenty.

Epigram.

Epithalamia.

Epigram. 7.

VVomen, as some men say, vnconstant be ;
'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men :
Nay, if their scapes we could so plainly see,
I feare that scarce there will be one for ten.
Men haue but their owne lusts that tempt to ill :
Women haue lusts, and mens allurements to :
Alas, if their strengths cannot curbe their will ;
What should poore women that are weaker do ?
Oh they had need be chaste, and looke about them,
That striue 'gainst lust within, and knaues without them ;

FINIS.

Epitaphia

Epigram 7.

VVhen in some men let us see
The like of this, and so no doubt we see
That if their hearts are so kindly set
To love and service there will be one for every
Man here that their love will not tempt to ill
Whom love has left and more abundant
Alas, if their hearts are so kindly set
That should have been their love, but they do
Of they had need be chaste and look about them
That their gain is not their love, and know without doubt

FINIS.

THE SHEPHERDS HUNTING:

Being certaine Eglogues written
during the time of the Authors
Imprisonment in the
Marshalsey.

By *George Wither*, Gentleman.



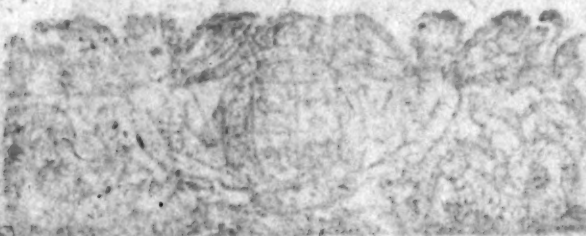
LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*
Church-yard, at the signe of the *Greene*
Dragon, 1622.

THE SHEPHERDS HUNTING.

Being certain Eglogues written
during the time of the Authors
Imprisonment in the
Masses.

By George Withers, Gentleman.



LONDON,
Printed by T. S. for John Bader, dwelling in Pauls
Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene
Dragon, 1622.



To those Honoured, Noble, and
right Vertuous Friends, my Visi-
tants in the Marshalsey:

And to all other my vnknowne Fauourers,
who either priuately, or publikely wished
me well in my imprisonment.

Noble Friends; you whose vertues
made me first in loue with Ver-
tue; and whose worths made mee
be thought worthy of your loues: I
haue now at last (you see) by Gods assistance,
and your encouragement, run through the Pur-
gatorie of imprisonment; and by the worthy
Hh 4 fauour

To the Reader.

fauour of a iust Prince, stand free againe, without the least touch of deiected basenesse. Seeing therefore I was growne beyond my Hope so fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creators loue, together with the vnequall'd Clemencie of so gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke, by what meanes I might expresse my thankfulness to so many well-deseruing friends: No way I found to my desire, neither yet ability to performe when I found it. But at length considering with my selfe what you were (that is) such, who fauour honesty for no second reason, but because you your selues are good; and ayme at no other reward, but the witnesse of a sound conscience that you doe well, I found, that thankfulness would proue the acceptablest present to sute with your dispositions; and that I imagined could be no way better expressed, then in manifesting your courtesies, and giuing consent to your reasonable demaunds. For the first, I
confesse

To the Reader.

confesse (with thanks to the disposer of all things, and a true gratefull heart towards you) so many were the vnexpected Visitations, and vn hoped kindneses receyued, both from some among you of my Acquaintance, and many other vnknowne Well-willers of my Cause, that I was perswaded to entertaine a much better conceit of the Times, then I lately conceyued, and assured my selfe, that Vertue had far more followers then I supposed.

Somewhat it disturbed me to behold our ages Fauourites, whilst they frowned on my honest enterprises, to take vnto their protections the egregious fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was respected by so many of You, amongst who there are some, who can and may as much dis-esteeme these, as they neglect me: nor could I feare their Malice or Contempt, whilst I enioyed your fauours, who (howsoeuer you are vnder-valued by Fooles for a time)
shall

To the Reader.

shall leaue vnto your posterity so noble a memory, that your names shall be reuerenced by Kings, when many of these who now flourish with a shew of vsurped Greatnesse, shall eyther weare out of being, or dispoyled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloued Mistris the World. Your Loue it is that (enabling me with patience to endure what is already past) hath made me also carefull better to prepare my selfe for all future misadventures, by bringing to my consideration, what the passion of my iust discontentments had almost quite banished from my remembrance.

Further, to declare my thankfulnessse, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any seruices of loue, which you shal thinke fit (though I want abilitie to performe great matters) yet I haue according to some of your requests, been contented to giue way to the printing of these Eglogues; which though it to many
seeme

To the Reader.

seeme a sleight matter, yet being well considered of, may proue a strong argument of my readinesse to giue you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preserued with lesse respect, gaue sufficient euidence, that I meant (rather then any way to deceiue your trust) to giue the world occasion of calling my discretion in question, as I now assure my selfe this will: and the sooner, because such expectations (I perceiue) there are (of I know not what Inuentions) as would haue been frustrated, though I had employed the vtmost and very best of my endeauours.

Notwithstanding for your sakes, I haue beere aduentured once againe to make tryall of the Worlds censures: and what hath receyued beeing from your Loues, I here re-dedicated to your Worths, which if your noble dispositions will like well of; or if you will but reasonably respect what your selues drew mee vnto, I shall
be

To the Reader.

be nothing displeased at others cauels, but resting my selfe contented with your good opinions, scorne all the rabble of vncharitable detractors: For none, I know, will maligne it, except those, who eyther particularly malice my person, or professe themselves enemies to my former Bookes; who (sawing those that were incensed on others speeches) as diuers of you (according to your protestations) haue obserued, are eyther open enemies of our Church; men notoriously guilty of some particular Abuses therein taxt, such malicious Critickes who haue the repute of being iudicious, by detracting from others; or at best, such Guls, as neuer approue any thing good, or learned, but eyther that which their shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeed rather) they vnderstand not.

Trust me, how ill secuer it hath been rewarded, my loue to my Country is inuiolate: my
thanks

To the Reader.

thankfulnesse to you vnfained, my endeavour
to doe euery man good ; all my ayme , content
with honestie : and this my paines (if it may be
so tearmed) more to auoid idlenesse, then for af-
fection of praise : and if notwithstanding all
this, I must yet not onely rest my selfe content
that my innocencie hath escaped with strict im-
prisonment (to the impayring of my state , and
binderance of my fortunes) but also be constray-
ned to see my guiltlesse lines, suffer the despiight
of ill tongues : yet for my further encourage-
ment, let mee intreate the continuance of your
first respect, wherein I shall find that comfort as
will be sufficient to make mee set light, and so
much contemne all the malice of my aduersa-
ries, that readie to burst with the venome of
their owne hearts, they shall see

My Minde enamoured on faire Vertues light,
Transcends the limits of their bleared sight,
And plac'd aboue their Envy doth contemne,
Nay, sit and laugh at, their disdain, and them.

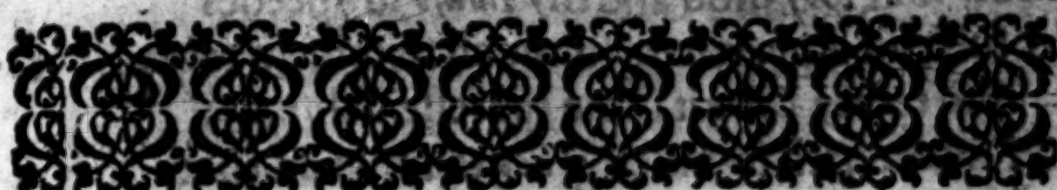
But

To the Reader.

But Noble Friends, I make question neyther of yours, nor any honest mans respect, and therefore will no further vrge it, nor trouble your patience: onely this Ile say, that you may not think me too well conceited of my selfe; though the Time were to blame, in ill requiting my honest endeauours, which in the eyes of the World deserved better; yet somewhat I am assured there was in me worthy that punishment, which when God shall giue me grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be fitting for so much merit as my endeauors may iustly challenge. Meane while, the better to hold my selfe in esteeme with you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue, I will study to amend my selfe, that I maybe yet more worthy to be called


Your Friend,

Geo: Wither.



The Shepherds Hunting.

The first Eglogue.




THE ARGUMENT.

*Willy leaves his Flocke a while,
To lament his Friends exile;
Where, though prison'd, he doth fide,
Flee's still free that's free in Minde:
And that there is no defence
Halfe so firme as Innocence.*

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.



*Illy, thou now fulliolly run'st thy Reedes,
Making the Nymphs enamor'd on thy strains,
And whilst thy harmles flock vnscaar'd feeds,
Hast the contentment, of hills, groues, & plains:
Trust*

The Shepherds Hunting.

Trust me, I joy thou and thy *Muse* so speedes
In such an Age, where so much mischief raignes:
And to my *Care* it some redresse will be,
Fortune hath so much grace to smile on thee.

Willy.

To smile on me? I nere yet knew her smile,
Vnlesse 'twere when she purpos'd to deceiue me;
Many a *Traine*, and many a painted *Wile*
She casts, in hope of *Freedom* to bereaue me:
Yet now, because she sees I scorne her guile
To fawne on fooles, she for my *Muse* doth leaue me:
And here of late, her wonted *Spite* doth tend,
To worke me *Care*, by frowning on my friend.

Philarete.

Why then I see her *Copper-coyne*'s no starling,
'Twill not be *errant* still, for all the gilding)
A *Knaue*, or *Foole*, must euer be her *Darling*,
For they haue minds to all occasions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling.
It seemes an *Apple*, but it proues a *Weilding*:
But let that passe: sweet *Shepherd* tell me this,
For what beloued *Friend* thy sorrow is.

Willy.

Art thou, *Philarete*, in durance heere,
And dost thou aske me for what *Friend* I grieue?
Can I suppose thy loue to me is decre,
Or this thy *woe* for my *content* belue?

When

The Shepherds Hunting.

When thou think'st thy cares touch not me as neere;
Or that I pinne thy *Sorrowes* at my fleec?e?
I haue in thee reposed so much trust,
I neuer thought, to find thee so vniust.

Philarete.

W I L, why *Willi*? Prethee doe not aske me why?
Doth it diminish any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melody*;
And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare
From my *delight*, to mone thy *miseri*?
'Tis time our *Loues* should these suspects forbear:
Thou art that friend, which thou vnnam'd shold'st know,
And not haue drawne my loue in question so.

Philarete.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy mistake,
And so let this thy *gentle-anger* cease,
(I neuer of thy loue will question make)
Whilst that the number of our dayes encrease,
Yet to my selfe I much might seeme to take,
And something neere vnto presumption prease:
To thinke me worthy *loue* from such a *spirit*,
But that I know thy kindnesse past my merit.

Besides; me thought thou spak'st now of a friend,
That seem'd more grieuous discontents to beare,
Some things I find that doe in shew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,

The Shepherds Hunting.

And they ere long I hope will haue an end ;
Or though they haue not, much I doe not care :
So this it was, made me that question moue,
And not suspect of honest *Willies* loue.

Willie.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Desarts* here confin'd,
Hast nothing to conuerse with but a *Rocke* ;
Or at least *Out-lawes* in their *Cases* halfe pin'd:
And do'st thou at thy owne mis-fortune mocke,
Making thy selfe to, to thy selfe vnkinde ?
When heretofore we talk't we did imbrace :
But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

Philarete.

Yet all that *Willy*, is not worth thy sorrow,
For I haue *Mirth* here thou would'st not belecue,
From deepest *cares* the highest *ioyes* I borrow.
If ought chance out this day, may make me grieue
I'll learn to mend, or scorne it by to morrow.
This barren place yeelds somewhat to relieue :
For, I haue found sufficient to content me,
And more true blisse then euer freedome lent me.

Willie.

Are *Prisons* then growne places of delight ?

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

'Tis as the conscience of the Prisoner is,
The very Grates are able to affright
The guilty Man, that knowes his deedes amisse;
All outward Pleasures are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it selfe) but this:
Abhorred loanenesse, darkenesse, sadnesse, paines,
Num'n-cold, sharpe-hunger, scorching thirst and chaines.

Willie.

And these are nothing? —————

Philarete.

————— Nothing yet to mee.
Onely my friends restraint is all my paine.
And since I truely find my conscience free
From that my loanenesse to, I reape some gaine.

Willie.

But grant in this no discontentment bee
It doth thy wished liberty restraine:
And to thy soule I thinke there's nothing nearer,
For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did ever set it at a Rate
Too deare for any Mortals worth to buy,
'Tis not our greatest Shepherds whole estate,
Shall purchase from me, my least liberty:

The Shepherds Hunting.

But I am subiect to the powers of *Fate*,
And to obey them is no *slavery*:
They may doe much, but when they haue done all,
Onely my *body* they may bring in *thrall*.

And 'tis not that (my *Willy*) 'tis my *mind*,
My *mind*'s more precious, freedome I so weigh
A thousand wayes they may my *body* bind,
In thousand *thralls*, but ne're my *mind* betray:
And thence it is that I *contentment* find,
And beare with *Patience* this my load away:
I'me still my selfe, and that I'de rather bee,
Then to be Lord of all these *Downes* in fee.

Willie.

Nobly resolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the *minde* of *Man* indeed that's all.
There's nought so hard but a *braue* heart will bear't,
The *guiltlesse men* count great *afflictions* small,
They'l looke on *Death* and *Torment*, yet not fear't,
Because they know 'tis rising so to fall:
Tyrants may boast they to much *power* are borne,
Yet he hath more that *Tyrannies* can scorne.

Philarate.

is right, but I no *Tyrannies* endure,
nor haue I suffered ought worth name of care

Willie.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willie.

What e're thou'lt call't, thou may'st, but I am sure,
Many more pine that much lesse pained are :
Thy looke me thinkes doth say thy meaning's pure
And by this past I find what thou do'st dare :

But I could neuer yet the *reason* know,

Why thou art lodged in this house of wo.

Philarete.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleases some, and I doe guesse
Partly a *cause* that moues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaille me to expresse,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe,
We must not say, they doe so that oppresse :

Yet I shall ne're to sooth *them* or *the times*,
Iniure my selfe, by bearing others *crimes*.

Willie.

Then now thou maist speake freely, there's none heares,
But he, whom I doe hope thou do'st not doubt.

Philarete.

True : but if *doores* and *walles* haue gotten *ears*,
And *Closet-whisperings* may be spread about :
Doe not blame him that in such *causes* feares
What in his *Passion* he may blunder out :

In such a place, and such strict *times* as these,

Where what we speake is tooke as others please.

The Shepherds Hunting.

But yet to morrow, if thou come this way,
I'll tell thee all my story to the end,
'Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy Flocke must wated be and pend,
And *Night* begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
I'll onely sing a sorry *Prisoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morne*, which though it suits no fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad *Thraldome* yeelds.

Willie.

Well, I will set my *Kit* another string,
And play vnto it whil' st that thou do' st sing.

Sonnet.

Philarete.



Ow that my body dead-alive,
Bereau'd of comfort, lies in thrall.
Doe thou my soule begin to thrine,
And vnto Hony, turne this Gall:
So shall we both through outward wo,
The way to inward comfort know.

As to the Flesh we food do giue;
To keepe in vs this Mortall breath:
So, Soules on Meditations line,
And Iunne thereby immortall death:

The Shepherds Hunting.

*Nor art thou euer neerer rest,
Then when thou find'st me most oppress.*

*First thinke my Soule ; If I haue Foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure theft outward woes,
Haue thus entrapt me vnaware :
Thou should'st by much more careful bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.*

*Then when Mew'd up in grates of Steele,
Minding those ioyes mine eyes doe misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,
So grienous as Prination is :
Muse how the Damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.*

*Thou seest there's giuen so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which, if in any thou espie.
Thus thinke ; If Mortals frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare ?*

*By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer be :
And make the freedome I haue lost,
A meanes that may remember thee :*

The Shepheards Hunting.

*Had Christ, not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou had'st been in.*

*These yron chaines, these bolts of steele,
Which other poore offenders grind,
The wants and cares which they doe feele,
May bring some greater thing to mind:
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well,
To thinke vpon the paines of Hell.*

*Or, when through me thou seest a Man
Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath:
Thinke, if in that such griefe thou see,
How sad will, Goe yee cursed be.*

*Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye
(Past hope) doth see his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuey it to thy thought:
There thinke, betwixt thy heart and thee,
How sweet will, Come yee blessed bee.*

*Thus if thou doe, though closed here,
My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,
I neither shall haue cause to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse:*

For

The Shepheards Hunting.

*For whether line, or pine, or dye,
We shall have blisse eternally.*

Willy.

Trust me I see the *Cage* doth some *Birds* good,
And if they doe not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants then the wood;
Beleeue't, I like the subiect of thy *Song*,
It shewes thou art in no distempred mood:
But cause to heare the residue I long,
My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.

Yet e're we part, *Philarete*, agreed,
Of whom thou learnd'st to make such songs as these,
I neuer yet heard any Shepheards reede
Tune in mishap, a straine that more could please;
Surely, *Thou* do'st inuoke at this thy neede
Some power, that we neglect in other layes:
For heer's a Name, and words, that but few swaines
Haue mention'd at their meeting on the *Plaines*.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are sore to blame,
They doe so much neglect it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth such a worthy fame,
As is not subiect vnto Enuies wrongs:
That, is the most to be respected name
Of our true *Pan*, whose worth sits on all tongues:

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And what the ancient Shepherds vse to prayse
In sacred *Anthemes*, vpon Holy-dayes.

Hee that first taught his Musicke such a straine
Was that sweet Shepheard, who (vntill a King)
Kept Sheepe vpon the hony-milky Plaine,
That is enrich't by *Iordans* watering ;
He in his troubles eas'd the bodies paines,
By measures rais'd to the Soules raiſhing :
And his sweet numbers onely most diuine,
Gauc first the being to this Song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good spirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might heare such Musicke every day.

Philarete.

Thankes, *Swaine* : but harke, thy *Weather* rings his Bell,
And *Swaines* to fold, or homeward driue away.

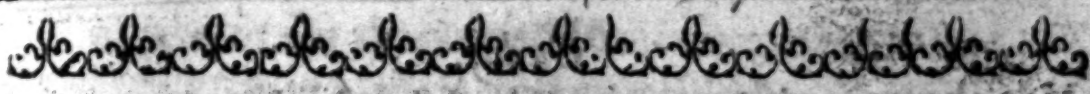
Willy.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well :
I'll make his Sheepe for mee a little stay ;
And, if thou thinke it fit, I'll bring him to,
Next morning hither. —————

Philarete.

————— Prethee, *Willy*, do.

FINIS.



The Shepherds Hunting.

The second Eglogue.



THE ARGUMENT.

Cuddy here relates, how all
Puty Philarete's thrall.
Who, requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate;
Which broke off, because 'twas long,
They begin, a three-man-Song.

WILLY. CUDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

LO, Philaret, thy old friend heere, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy Bands,
Whil'st both our Flocks in an Inclosure by,
Doe picke the thin grasse from the fallowed lands.
He tels me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country vnderstands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd Lad
On all these Downes, but for thy sake is sad.

Cuddy.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance, and thy friends alone,
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that haue but scene thee, for thee moane:
Yea, many that did neuer see thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in none;
So diuers wayes doe diuers *Rumors* goe
And at all meetings where our *Shepherds* bee,
Now the maine *Newes* that's extant, is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My name should in obscuritie haue slept
In *Brakes*, in *Briars*, *shrubbed Furze* and *Broome*.
Into the Worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome:
But what caule of my sufferings doe they know?
Good *Cuddy*, tell me, how doth *rumour* goe?

Cuddy.

Faith 'tis vncertaine; some speake this, some that:
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what;
Comes out with *Proverbes* and old *ancient sawes*,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse, and yet not:
Then doth he speake halfe *Sentences*, then pawles
That what the most would say, we may suppose,
But, what to say, the *Rumour* is, none knowes.

Philarete.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly ; for, it skills not much,
What the vnsteady common-people deemes,
His *Conscience* doth not alwaies feele least touch,
That blamelesse in the sight of others seemes :
My cause is honest, and because 'tis such,
I hold it so, and not for mens esteemes :
If they speake iustly well of mee, I'me glad ;
If falsely euill, it ne're makes me sad.

Willy.

I like that mind : but, *Shepherd*, you are quite
Beside the matter that I long to heare :
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke, I feare ;
Thou know'st that honest *Cuddies* heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my selfe, is neere :
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occasion of thy present state.

Philarete.

My Friends I will ; You know I am a *Swaine*,
That kept a poore Flocke on a barren *Plaine* :
Who though it seemes, I could doe nothing lesse,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepherdesse*.
And not alone the fairest where I liue,
Haue heard me sing, and fauours daign'd to giue :
But, though I say't, the noblest *Nymph* of *Thame*,
Hath grac'd my *Verses*, vnto my greater fame.

Yet,

The Shepherds Hunting.

Yet, being young, and not much seeking prayse,
I was not noted out for *Shepherds layes* :
Nor feeding Flocks, as, you know, others be :
For the delight that most possessed me
Was hunting *Foxes, Wolves, and Beasts of Prey* :
That spoyle our *Foulds*, and beare our *Lambs* away ;
For this, as also for the loue I beare
Vnto my *Country*, I laid by all care
Of *gaine*, or of *preferment*, with *desire*
Onely to keepe that state I had entire.
And like a true growne *Huntsman* sought to speed
My selfe with *Hounds* of rare and choyest breed,
Whose *Names* and *Natures* ere I further goe,
Because you are my friends I'll let you know,
My first esteemed Dogge that I did finde,
Was by *descent* of olde *Alteons* kinde ;
A *Brache*, which if I doe not aime amisse,
For all the world is iust like one of his :
She's named *Lowe*, and scarce yet knowes her duty ;
Her Damme's my Ladies pretty *Beagle, Beauty*.
I bred her vp my selfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill she grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt so wanton, that I did abhorre it,
And put her out amongst my neighbours for it.
The next is *Lust*, a Hound that's kept abroad
Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathsome : 'tis a Curre will range
Extreamely, and is euer full of mange ;

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And cause it is infectious, she's not wunt
To come among the rest, but when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a Hound both deepe and long:
His *Sire* is *True*, or else supposed *Wrong*.
He'le haue a snap at all that passe him by,
And yet pursues his game most eagerly.
With him goes *Ennis* coupled, a leane Curre,
And yet she'le hold out, hunt we ne're so farre:
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that doe.
Then there's *Renenge*, a wondrous deep-mouth'd dog,
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog,
Yet many times he'le much out-strip his bounds,
And hunts not closely with the other Hounds:
He'le venter on a *Lyon* in his ire,
Curst *Choller* was his *Damme*, and *Wrong* his *Sire*.
This *Choller*, is a *Brache*, that's very old,
And spends her mouth too-much to haue it hold:
She's very teasty; an vnpleasing Curre.
That bites the very Stones, if they but sturre:
Or when that ought but her displeasure moues,
She'le bite and snap at any one she loues.
But my quicke scented'st Dogge is *Iacousie*,
The truest of this breede's in *Italie*.
The *Damme* of mine would hardly fill a Gloue,
It was a *Ladies* little Dogge, call'd *Loue*:
The *Sire* a poore deformed Curre, nam'd *Fear*,
As shagged and as rough as is a *Beare*:

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And yet the Whelp turn'd after neither kinde,
For he is very large, and nere-hand blinde,
Farre off, hee seemeth of a pretty culler,
But doth not proue so, when you view him fuller,
A vile suspicious Beast; whose looks are bad,
And I doe feare in time he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Avarice*, still poore;
Yet shee deuoures as much as twenty more:
A thousand Horse shee in her paunch can put,
Yet whine, as if she had an empirie gut;
And hauing gorg'd what might a Land haue found,
Shee'le catch for more, and, hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full;
But hee for all the daintiest bits doth cull:
Hee scornes to licke vp Crumbs beneath the Table,
Hee'le fetch't from boards and shelues, if he be able:
Nay, hee can climbe, if neede be; and for that
With him I hunt the *Martine*, and the *Cat*:
And yet sometimes in mounting, hee's so quicke,
Hee fetches falls, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is wel-mouth'd, but subiect to *Distrust*;
A Stranger cannot make him take a Crust:
A little thing will soone his courage quaille,
And 'twixt his legges hee euer claps his Taile.
With him, *Despaire*, now, often coupled goes,
Which by his roting mouth each *bunts-man* knowes.
None hath a better minde vnto the game;
But hee giues off, and alwaies seemeth lame.

My

The Shepherds Hunting.

My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as swift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behind;
Who, but she's strapt, and musled to, withall,
Would eate her fellowes and the prey and all.
And yet, she cares not much for any food,
Vnlesse it be the purest harmelesse blood.

All these are kept abroad at charge of meny,
They doe not cost me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling size,
That seldome passe the sight of my owne eyes.
Hope, on whose head I'ue laid my life to pawne;
Compassion, that on euery one will fawne.
This would, when 'twas a whelp, with *Rabets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them goe vnhurt away:
Nay, now she is of growth, shee'le now and then
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her goe agen.
The two last, *Joy*, and *Sorrow*; make me wonder,
For they can ne're agree, nor bide asunder.
Joy's euer wanton, and no order knowes,
She'le run at *Larkes*, or stand and barke at *Crowes*.
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye:
Yet both doe serue to helpe make vp the cry:
Then comes behinde all these to beare the base,
Two couple more of a farre larger Race,
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould doe you good,
To heare their loud-loud *Ecchoes* tear the Wood:
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy *Hide*,
May farre away from all the rest be spide,

K k

Though

The Shepherds Hunting.

Though huge, yet quicke, for she's now here, now there;
Nay, looke about you, and she's euey where:
Yet euer with the rest, and still in chace,
Right so, *Inconstancie* fills euery place;
And yet so strange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Looke for her, and she's no where to be found.
Weakenesse is no faire Dogge vnto the eye,
And yet she hath her proper qualitie.
But there's *Presumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drownes the *Thunder*, and the *Cannon-shot*:
And when at Start, he his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen shakes:
These were my Dogs, ten couple iust in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I doe call:
Mad Curs they be, and I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and spent dayes not a few,
To make them keepe together, and hunt true:
Which yet I doe suppose had neuer bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keepe them in.
Now when that I this Kennell first had got,
Out of mine owne Demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on these Downes, or among yonder *Rocks*,
After those beasts that spoyl'd our Parish Flockes:
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere,
Some Beasts of Prey that haunt the *Deserts* heere,

Did

The Shepherds Hunting.

Did not alone for many *Nights* together
Deuoure, sometime a *Lambe*, sometime a *Weather*;
And so disquiet many a poore mans Heard;
But thereof loosing all were much afeard.
Yea, I among the rest, did fare as bad,
Or rather worse; for the best * *Ewes* I had, * *Hopes*.
(Whose breed should be my meanes of life and gaine,
Were in one Evening by these *Monsters* slaine:
Which mischief I resolued to repay,
Or else grow desperate and hunt all away.
For in a furie such as you shall see
Hunts-men, in missing of their sport will be)
I vow'd a *Monster* should not lurke about
In all this *Prouince*, but I'de finde him out.
And thereupon without respect or care,
How *lame*, how *full*, or how *unfit* they were,
In hast vnkennell'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad, as if my mind they knew;
And e're they trail'd a flight-shot, the fierce *Curres*,
Had rous'd a *Hart*, and through *Brakes*, *Bryars*, and *Furres*
Follow'd at gaze so close, that *Loue* and *Feare*
Got in together, and had surely, there
Quite overthrowne him, but that *Hope* thrust in
'Twixt both, and sau'd the pinching of his skin,
Whereby he scap't, till coursing ouerthwart,
Despaire came in, and grip't him to the hart.
I hallowed in the residue to the fall,
And for an entrance, there I flesh't them all:

The Shepherds Hunting.

Which hauing done, I dip'd my Staffe in blood
And onward led my *Thunder* to the Wood;
Where what they did, I'll tell you out anon,
My keeper calles me, and I must be gon.
Goe, if you please a while, attend your Flocks,
And when the *Sunne* is ouer yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Cane* againe, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian*, so much fauour me.
Yet if you please, let vs three sing a straine,
Before you turne your sheepe into the Plaine:

Willie.

I am content. —————

Cuddy.

————— As well content am I.

Philarete.

Then *Will* begin, and wee'll the rest supply.

Song.

Willie.

Shepherd, would these Gates were ope,
Thou might'st take with vs thy fortunes.

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

No, I'll make this narrow scope,
(Since my Fate doth so importune)
Meanes unto a wider Hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy Shepheardesse were here,
Who belon'd, lones so dearely?

Philarete.

Not for both your Flocks, I sweare,
And the gaine they yeeld you yeerely,
Would I so much wrong my Deare,

Yet, to me, nor to this Place,
Would she now be long a stranger:
She would hold it in disgrace,
(If she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

Willie.

Shepherd, we would wish no harmes,
But something that might content thee.

Philarete.

Wish me then within her armes;
And that wish will ne're repent me,
If your wishes might proue charmes.

Kk 3

Willie.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willie.

*Be thy Prison her embrace,
Be thy ayre her sweetest breathing.*

Cuddy.

*Be thy pressed her sweet Face,
For each looke a kisse bequeathing,
And appoint thy selfe the place.*

Philarete.

*Now pray, hold there for I should scanty then,
Come meete you here this afternoone agen :
But fare you well since wishes haue no power,
Let vs depart and keepe the pointed houre,*

The

The Shepheards Hunting.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Philarete with his three Friends,
Heare his hunting storie ends.*

*Kind Alexis with much ruth,
Wailes the banish'd Shepheards youth:
But he slighteth Fortunes stings,
And in spite of Thraldome sings.*

PHILARETE. CUDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

SO, now I see y'are *Shepheards* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promise, and to doe:

Cuddy,

More then our promise is, we can afford,
We come our selues, and bring another to:
Alexis, whom thou know'st well is no foe:

The Shepherds Hunting.

Who loues thee much : and I doe know that he
Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am;
You euer were a friend of mine in show,
And I haue found you are indeed the same :
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my small deserts should proue.

Alexis.

'Tis still your vse to vnderprise your merit;
Be not so coy to take my proffered loue,
'Twill neither vnbeseeme your *work* nor *spirit*.
To offer court'lie doth thy friend behoue :
And which are so, this is a place to proue.
Then once againe I say, if *cause* there be.
First make a *tryall*, if thou please, of me.

Philarete.

Thankes good *Alexis*, sit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, these *Shapheards* know, to doe;
A *Tale* already told this Morne well neere,
With which I very faine would forward goe,
And am as willing thou should'st heare it to:
But thou canst neuer vnderstand this last,
Till I haue also told thee what is past.

Willie.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Willy.

It shall not neede, for I so much presum'd,
I on your mutuall friendships, might be bold,
That I a freedome to my selfe assum'd,
To make him know, what is already told.
If I haue done amisse, then you may scold.

But in my telling I preuis'd this,

He knew not whole, nor to what end it is.

Philarete.

Well, now he may, for heere my Tale goes on:
My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon.
Where, beating through the *Cannets*, euery Hound
A seuerall Game had in a moment sound:
I rated them, but they pursu'd their pray,
And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
And teaz'd them on, with a more chearefull hallow:
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtil game through all their wiles.
These doubl'd, those re-doubled on the scent,
Still keeping in full chace where ere they went.
Vp *Hils*, downe *Cliffes*, through *Bags*, and ouer *Plaines*,
Stretching their *Musicke* to the highest straines.
That when some Thicket hid them from mine eye,
My care was ravi'sh'd with their melodie.
Nor crost we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes,
But Hamlets, Tithings, Parishes, and Burrowes:

They

The Shepherds Hunting.

They followed where so eu'r the game did go,
Through Kitchen, Parlor, Hall, and Chamber to.
And, as they pass'd the City, and the Court,
My Prince look'd out, and daign'd to view my sport.
Which then (although I suffer for it now)
(If some say true) he liking did allow;
And so much (had I had but wit to stay)
I might my selfe (perhaps) haue heard him say,
But I, that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleasure then my safetie caring;
Seeing fresh game from every couert rise,
(Crossing by thousands still before their eyes)
Rush'd in, and then following close my Hounds,
Some beasts I found lie dead, some full of wounds,
Among the willows, scarce with strength to moue,
One I found heere, another there, whom Love
Had grip'd to death: and, in the selfe-same state,
Lay one deuour'd by Enny, one by Hate;
Lust had bit some, but I soone past beside them,
Their festr'd wounds so stuncke, none could abide them.
Choller hurt diuers, but Reuenge kild more:
Feare frighted all, behinde him and before.
Despaire draue on a huge and mighty heape,
Forcing some downe from Rocks and Hills to leape:
Some into water, some into the fire,
So on themselues he made them wreake his ire.
But I remember, as I pass'd that way,
Where the great King and Prince of Shepherds lay,
About

The Shepherds Hunting

About the wals were hid, some (once more knowne),
That my fell Curre *Ambition* had o'rethrowne,
Many I heard, pursu'd by *Pitty*, cry;
And oft I saw my *Blond-Hound*, *Cruelty*,
Eating her passage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, she is loath to part.
All plid it well, and made so loud a cry,
'Twas heard beyond the Shores of *Britany*.
Some rated them, some storm'd, some lik'd the *game*,
Some thought *me* worthy praise, some worthy blame,
But I, not fearing th'one, mis-steeming t'other,
Both, in shrill hallowes and loud yernings smother.
Yea, the strong mettled, and my long-breath'd crew,
Seeing the *game* increasing in their view,
Grew the more frolicke, and the courser length
Gave better breath, and added to their strength.
Which *Ione* perceiuing, for *Ione* heard their cries
Rumbling amongst the *Spheres concavities*.
Hee mark'd their *course*, and *courages* increase,
Saying, 'twere pittie such a chase should cease.
And therewith swore their monthes should neuer wast,
But hunt as long's mortality did last.
Soone did they fee the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more swift.
I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe.
They neuer stay'd since, nor nights nor dayes,
But to and fro still run a thousand wayes.
Yea,

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yea, often to this place where now I lie,
They'l wheele about to cheare me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On some offenders, for their Masters sake:
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this sort
For them I lose, and making my selfe sport.

Willy.

Why? was there any harme at all in this?

Philarete.

No, *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then?

Philarete.

————— Note, and I'll tell thee how

Thou know'st that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
If plac'd with meannesse, suffers more despight
Then *Villainies*, accompan'd with might.
But thus it fell, while that my *Hounds* pursu'd
Their noysome prey, and euery field lay strew'd
With *Monsters*, hurt and slaine; vpon a beast,
More subtile, and more noysome then the rest,
My leane-flanke'd Bitch, call'd *Envy*, hapt to light:
And, as her wont is, did so surely bite,
That, though shee left behinde small outward smart,
The wounds were deepe, and rankled to the hart.
This, joyning to some other, that of late,
Were very eagerly pursu'd by *Hate*,

(To

The Shepherds Hunting.

(To fit their purpose having taken leasure)
Did thus conspire to worke me a displeasure.
For imitation, farre surpassing *Apes*,
They laide aside their *Foxe* and *Wolvisb* *Shapes*,
And shrowded in the skinnes of harmlesse *Sheepe*
Into by-ways, and open paths did creepe;
Where, they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery passer by;
To make them thinke that they were *sheepe* so foyld,
And by my *Dogges*, in their late hunting, spoyld.
Beside, some other that enuy'd my game,
And, for their pastime, kept such *Monsters* tame:
As, you doe know, there's many for their pleasure
Keepe *Foxes*, *Bears*, & *Wolues*, as some great treasure:
Yea, many get their liuing by them to,
And so did store of these, I speake of, do.
Who, seeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt some *Vermine* wherein they delighted;
And finding their owne power by much to weake,
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,
Swolne with the deepest rancour of despight,
Some of our greatest *Shepherds* Folds by night
They closely entred; and there hauing stain'd
Their hands in *villany*, of mee they plain'd,
Affirming, (without *shame*, or *honesty*,)
I. and my *Dogges*, had done it purposely.
Whereat they storm'd, and cald mee to a tryall,
Where *Innocence* preuailes not, nor *denyall*:

But

The Shepheards Hunting.

But for that *cause*, heere in this place I lie,
Where none so merry as my dogges, and I.

Cuddy.

Belceute it, heere's a *Tale* will suten well,
For *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

Willy.

And thou shalt be remembered with delight,
By this, hereafter, many a *Winters* night,
For, of this sport another *Age* will ring;
Yea, *Nymphes* that are vnborne thereof shall sing,
And not a *Beauty* on our *Greenes* shall play,
That hath not heard of this thy hunting day.

Philarete.

It may be so, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tany*, on the *Westerne* plaine,
Would make the *Song*, such life his *Verse* can giue,
Then I doe know my *Name* might euer liue.

Alexis.

Buttell me, are our *Plaines* and *Nymphs* forgot,
And canst thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

Philarete.

Can I, *Alexis*, sayst thou? Can I not,
That am resolu'd to scorne more misery?

Alexis.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Alexis.

Oh, but that youth's yet Greene, and young bloud hot,
And *liberty* must needs be sweet to thee,
But, now most sweet whil'st euery bushy *Vale*,
And *Grone*, and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.

Me thinkes, when thou remembre'st those *sweet layes*
Which thou would'st leade thy *Shepherdesse* to heare,
Each Euening tyde among the *Leany sprays*,
The thought of that should make thy freedome deare:
For now, whil'st euery *Nymph* on *Holy-dayes*
Sports with some *iolly Lad*, and maketh cheere,
Thine, sighes for thee, and mew'd vp from resort,
Will neither play her selfe, nor see their sport.

Those *Shepherds* that were many a Morning wont,
Vnto their Boyes to leaue the tender *Heard*;
And beare thee company when thou did'st hunt,
Me thinkes the sport thou hast so gladly shar'd
Among those *Swaynes* should make thee thinke vpon't,
For't seemes all vaine, now, that was once indear'd.
It cannot be: since I could make relation,
How for lesse *cause* thou hast beene deepe in *passion*.

Philarète.

'Tis true: my tender heart was euer yet
Too capable of such conceits as these;
I neuer saw that *Obiect*, but from it,
The *Passions* of my *Loue* I could encrease.

Those

The Shepherds Hunting.

Those things which moue not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vse of, if I please:

When I am sad, to sadnesse I apply,
Each *Bird*, and *Tree*, and *Floure* that I passe by.

So, when I will be merry, I aswell
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,

• From *Miserie*, from *Prisons*, nay from *Hell*:

And as when to my minde, *griefe* giues a flaw,

Best comforts doe but make my woes more fell:

So when I'me bent to *Mirth*, from mischietes paw.

(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would something cull,

That spight of *care*, should make my *ioyes* more full.

I feele those wants, *Alexis*, thou doest name,

Which spight of youths affections I sustaine,

Or else, for what is't I haue gotten *Fame*,

And am more knowne then many an *elder Swaine*?

I such desires I had not learn'd to tame,

(Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine*!)

But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*,

Expresse my *Care*, and how I take this *Wrong*.

Sonnet.

I That ere'st while the world's sweet *Ayre* did draw,
(Grac'd by the fairest euer *Mortall* saw)

Now

The Shepherds Hunting.

Now closely pent, with walles of Ruth-lesse stone,
Consume my Dayes, and Nights and all alone.

When I was wont to sing of Shepherds Loues,
My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hills, and Groves;
But now (alas) so strict is my hard doome,
Fields, Downes, Hills, Groves, and al's but one poore roome.

Each Morn, as soone as Day-light did appeare,
With Natures Musicke Birds would charme mine eare:
Which now (instead) of their melodious straines,
Heare, rattling Shackles, Gynes, and Boniss, and Chaines.

But, though that all the world's delight forsake me,
I haue a Mule, and shee shall Musicke make me:
Whose ayrie Notes, in spite of closest cages,
Shall giue content to me, and after ages.

Nor doe I passe for all this outward ill,
My heart is the same, and undiected still;
And which is more then some in freedome winne,
I haue truest, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my Mind, that sight of prison's free,
When ere she pleases any where can bee,
Shes in an houre, in France, Rome, Turkey, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and here againe.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world may know,
My fault's no more, but speaking Truth, and Reason;
No Debt, nor Theft, nor Murther, Rape, or Treason.

Nor shall my foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they finde, they shall my fate ennie,
Till they grow leane, and sicke, and mad, and die.

Then though my Body here in Prison rot,
And my wrong'd Satyres seeme a while forgot:
Yet, when both Fame, and life hath left those men,
My Verse and Plorenius, and line agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad;
For whilst their thoughts, doe feeble my Scourges sing,
In bands I'll leape, and dance, and laugh, and sing.

Alexis.

Why now I see thou droup'st not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day;
But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare,
The heavy burthen of exile away.

All that did truly know thee, did conceale,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd;
Their good conceit thou dost no whit bereave,
But shewest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.

The Shepherds Hunting.

If that thy mind to basenesse now descends,
Thou'lt iniure *Vertue*, and deceiue thy friends.

Willie.

Alexis, he will iniure *Vertue* much,
But more his friends, and most of all himselfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame vpon disgraces shelve.
Whereas if thou steere on that happy course,
Which in thy iust aduenture is begun;
Nothwarting Tide, nor aduerse blast shall force
Thy *Barke* without the *Channels* bounds to run.
Thou art the same thou wert, for ought I see,
When thou didst freely on the Mountaines hunt;
In nothing changed yet, vnlesse it be
More merrily dispos'd then thou wert wont.
Still keepe thee thus, so ocker shall know,
Vertue can giue content in midst of woe.
And she (though *mightines* with frownes doth threat)
That, to be *Innocent*, is to be great,
Thriue and farewell. —————

Alexis.

————— In this thy trouble flourish.

Cuddy.

While those that with thee ill, fret, pine, and perish.

The Shepherds Hunting.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret on Willy calls,
To sing out his Pastorals;
Warrants Fame shall grace his Rimes,
Spight of Envy and the Times;
And shewes how in care he uses,
To take comfort from his Muses.

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.

PRethee, Willy tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blytheft Lad)
Art become so wondrous sad?
And so carelesse of thy quill,
As if thou had'st lost thy skill?
Thou wert wont to charme thy flocks,
And among the massy rocks

Halt

The Shepheards Hunting.

Hast so chear'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely crost,
That thy old wont thou hast lost.
Tell me: Haue I ought mis-said
That hath made thee ill-apaid?
Hath some Churle done thee a spight?
Dost thou misse a Lambe to night?
Frowns thy fairest *Shepheards* Lasse?
Or how comes this ill to passe?
Is there any discontent
Worse then this my banishment?

Willie.

Why, doth that so euill seeme
That thou nothing worst dost deeme?
Shepheards, there full many be,
That will change *Contents* with thee.
Those that choose their Walkes at will,
On the Valley on the Hill.
Or those pleasures boast of can,
Groves or Fields may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the rest,
Wherewithall thy minde is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make vp the troope at sports,
And in company some while,
Happens to straine forth a smile:

The Shepherds Hunting.

Feeles more want, and outward smart,
And more inward griefe of hart
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy mind remaineth free.
Thou bewail'st my want of mirth,
But what find'st thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be belceu'd
Worth to make me Ioy'd; or grieu'd?
And yet feele I (naïchelesse)
Part of both I must confesse.
Sometime, I of mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of sorrow;
But, my present state is such,
As, nor Ioy, nor griue I much.

Philaretes

Why, hath *Willy* then so long
Thus forborne his wonted Song?
Wherefore doth he now lee fall,
His well-tuned *Pastorall*?
And my eares that musike barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the liberty I want.

Willy.

That, were very much to grant,
But, doth this hold alway lad,
Those that sing not, must be sad.

Bid

The Shepherds Hunting.

Did'st thou euer that Bird heare
Sing well ; that sings all the yeare ?
Tom the Piper doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away :
There's a time to slacke the string,
And a time to leaue to sing.

Philarete.

Yea ; but no man now is still,
That can sing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reason ;
Song and Musicke are in season.
Now in this sweet iolly ride,
Is the earth in all her pride :
The faire Lady of the May
Trim'd vp in her best array ;
Hath inuited all the Swaines,
With the Lasses of the Plaines,
To attend vpon her sport
At the places of resort.
Coridon (with his bould Rout)
Hath alreedy been about
For the elder Shepherds dole,
And fetch'd in the Summer-Pole :
Whil'st the rest haue built a Bower,
To defend them from a shower ;
Seil'd so close, with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweenc.

The Shepherds Hunting

Now the *Dayrie-Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creames;
And each doth her selfe aduance
To be taken in, to dance:
Euery one that knowes to sing,
Fits him for his Carroling:
So do those that hope for meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reede:
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend,
Which a Nymph that hight *Desart*,
(Long a stranger in this part)
With her own faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they say) past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she calls them *Wreathes of Fame*.
She hath set in their due place
Eu'ry flowre that may grace;
And among a thousand moe,
(Whereof some but serue for shew)
She hath woue in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blasted be.
Which with *Time* she edg'd about,
Least the worke should rauell out,
And that it might wither neuer,
I intermixt it with *Line-ener*.

These

The Shepherds Hunting.

These are to be shar'd among,
Those that doe excell for songs:
Or their passions can rehearse
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
Then, for those among the rest,
That can play and pipe the best,
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather, and a Lambe.
And for those that leaper far,
Wrastle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appointed guerdons to.
He, that best, the first can doe,
Shall, for his reward, be paid,
With a *Sheep-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine Bone, of a strange Beast
That men bring out of the West.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Tassel'd with fine coloured Thred,
There's prepared for their meed,
That in running make most speedes,
(Or the cunning Measures foote)
Cups of turned *Maple-roots*
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the *Lones* of *Pans*
And the last hath for his due
A fine Napkin wrought with blew
Then, my *Willy*, why art thou
Carelesse of thy merit now?

The Shepherds Hunting.

What dost thou heere, with a wight
That is shut vp from delight,
In a solitary den,
As not fit to liue with men?
Goe, my *Willy*, get thee gone,
Leaue mee in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy Song.
Thou art young, yet such a *Lay*
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canst fit vnto thy *Quill*,
I with wonder heard thee sing,
At our last yeeres Reuelling.
Then I with the rest was free,
When vnkowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines,
Enuy thy farre sweeter straines.
Yea, I saw the *Lasses* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one ialous were,
Any but her selfe should heare.
And I know they yet do long
For the res'due of thy song.
Hast thee then to sing it forth,
Take the benefit of worth.
And *Desert* will sure bequeath
Fames faire Garland for thy wreath,
Hye thee, *Willy*, hye away.

Willy.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willy.

Phila, rather let mee stay,
And be desolate with thee,
Then at those their *Renels* bee,
Nought such is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem'st it is,
But what ere it be, I must
Be content, and shall I trust,
For a Song I doe not passe,
Mong'st my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my Musicke doe contemne?
Somewhere are, as well I wot,
That the same yet fauour not:
Yet I cannot well auow,
They my Carrols disalow:
But such malice I haue spid,
'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarète.

Willy, What may those men be,
Are so ill, to malice thee?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well esteem'd,
Some without worth are so deem'd.
Others of so base a spirit,
They haue nor esteeme, nor merit.

Phila.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

What's the wrong? —————

Willy.

————— A slight offence,
Wherewithall I can dispence;
But hereafter for their sake.
To my selfe I'll musicke make.

Philarete.

What, because some Clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

Willy.

Do not, *Phil*, mis-vnderstand mee,
Those that loue mee may command mee,
But, thou know'st, I am but yong,
And the *Pastorall* I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me:
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'me young, I scorne to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'll make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.

Ye

The Shepherds Hunting.

Yet I'll keepe my skill in store,
Till I've scene some Winters more.

Pillar etc.

But, in earnest, mean'st thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow:
Better shall advise thee *Pan*,
For thou dost not rightly than:
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another start of Time:
And make those that so fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulnesse) see,
That the sacred *Muses* can
Make a childe in yeeres, a man.
It is knowne what thou canst doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thou*, and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunstons* charmed well,
(As some present there can tell)
Sang vpon a sudden *Theame*,
Sitting by the *Crimson streame*.
Where, if thou didst well or no,
Yet remains the Song to show,
Much experience more I've had,
Of thy skill (thou happy *Lad*)
And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And would make the world to know it;
But that time will further show it.
Every makes their tongues now runne
More then doubt of what is done.
For that needs must be thy owne,
Or to be some others knowne:
But how then wilt thou vnto
What thou shalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that song part to thee.
Nay, were there so mad a Swaine,
Could such glory sell for gaine,
Phæbus would not haue combin'd,
That gift with so base a mind.
Neuer did the *Nine* impart
The sweet secrets of their Art,
Vnto any that did scorne,
We should see their fauours worne.
Therefore vnto those that lay,
Where they pleas'd to sing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I speake, for this I know:
None ere drunke the *Thebians* spring,
And knew how, but he did sing.
For, that once infus'd in man,
Makes him shew't doe what he can.
Nay, those that doe onely sip,
Or, but eu'n their fingers dip

The Shepherds Hunting.

In that sacred *Fount* (poore *Elucs*)
Of that brood will shew themselves;
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will speake, though to their shame,
Let those then at thee repine,
That by their wits measure thine;
Needs those Songs must be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne.
That poore imputation to,
I my selfe do vndergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
That 'twas Enny sought our wrong.
Who at twice-ten haue sung more,
Then some will doe, at fourescore,
Cheere thee (honest *Willy*) then,
And begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine some other Crimes;
And 'tis no safe ventring-by
Where we see *Detraction* ly.
For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will picke some quarrell out;
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little said, is soone amended.

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

See'st thou not in clearest dayes,
Oft thicke fogs cloud Heavns rayes.
And that vapours which doe breath
From the earths grosse wombe beneath,
Seeme not to vs with black steames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vanish into ayre,
Leaving it (vnblemisht) faire?
So (my Willy) shall it bee
With *Detractions* breath on thee,
It shall never rise so hie,
As to stainethy Poetic.
As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale,
Poetic so sometime draines,
Grosse conceits from muddy braines;
Mists of Envy, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light;
But so much her power may do,
That shee can dissolue them to.
If thy Verse doe brauely tower,
As shee makes wing, she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soare,
Shee's affronted still the more;
Till shee to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last;

The Shepherds Hunting.

Let nought therefore, thee affright:
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very Starres I'de clime.
There begin again, and flye,
Till I reach'd Æternity,
But (alasse) my Muse is slow:
For thy place thee flags too low:
Yea, the more's her haplesse fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late,
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my selfe put vp a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I'll flye where I neuer did.
And though for her sake I'me crost,
Though my best hopes I haue lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
I should loue and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though banish't from my flockes,
And confin'd within these rockes,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen Night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keepe many cares away.
Though I misse the flowry Fields,
With these sweets the Spring-ryde yelds,
M m Though

The Shepherds Hunting.

Though I may not see those Groues,
Where the Shepherds chant their Loues;
(And the Lasses more excell,
Then the sweet voyc'd *Philomel*)
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remaines at last,
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefes;
Shee's my mindes companion still,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former dayes of blisse,
Her diuine skill taught me this,
That from euery thing I saw,
I could some inuention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest objects sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least boughes rustling.
By a Dazie whose leaues spred,
Shut when *Zyten* goes to bed;

The Shepheards Hunting.

Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladnes,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loannesse, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults haue made,
The strange Musicke of the waues,
Beating on these hollow Caues,
This blacke Den which Rocks embosse
Over-growne with eldest Mousse.
The rude Portals that giue light,
More to *Terror* then *Delight*.
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Disrespect*,
From all these and this dull ayre,
A fit obiect for *Despaire*,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou best earthly blisse*,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie; thou sweetest content
That e're Heau'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leaue thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceiue thee.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Though thou be to them a scorne,
That to nought but earth are borne:
Let my life no longer be,
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madnesse,
Let me neuer taste of gladnesse.
If I loue not thy mad'st fits,
More then all their greatest wits,
And though some too seeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou dost teach me to contemne,
What make *Knanes* and *Fooles* of them.
Oh high power! that oft doth carry
Men about

Willie.

————— Good *Philarete* carry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gon,
Quite above my reach anon.
The kinde flames of Poetic
Haue now borne thy thoughts so high,
That they vp in Heaven be,
And haue quite forgotten me.
Call thy selfe to minde againe,
Are these Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with simple Heards doth keepe?

Philarete.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

Thankes my *Willie*; I had runne
Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'st not made me stay;
Butthy pardon here I pray.
Lou'd *Apolo's* sacred fire
Had rais'd vp my spirits higher
Through the loue of Poetrie,
Then indeed they vse to flye;
But as I said, I say still,
If that I had *Willie's* skill,
Envie nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leaue my song:
But I'de sing it euery day
Till they pin'd themselves away.
Be thou then aduis'd in this,
Which both iust and fitting is:
Finish what thou hast begun,
Or at least still forward run.
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blast of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus afay thee,
Prethee how will deeds dismay thee?
Doe not thinke so rathe a Song
Can passe through the vulgar throng,
And escape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:

The Shepherds Hunting.

Frosts we see doe nip that thing
Which is forward 'st in the Spring :

Yet at last for all such lets

Somewhat of the rest it gets.

And I'me sure that so maist thou,

Therefore my kind *Willie* now.

Since thy folding time drawes on

And I see thou must be gone

Thee I earnestly beseech

To remember this my speech

And some little counsell take,

For *Philarete* his sake:

And I more of this will say,

If thou come next *Holyday*.

F I N I S.

The Shepherds Hunting.

The fifth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret Alexis moves,
To embrace the Muses loves;
Bids him neuer carefull seeme,
Of anothers dis-esteemo:
Since to them it may suffice,
They themselves can instly prize

PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.
A *Lexis*, if thy worth doe not disdain
The humble friendship of a meaner Swaine,
Or some more needfull businesse of the day,
Urge thee to be too hasty on thy way,
Come (gentle Shepherd) rest thee here by mee,
Beneath the shadow of this broad leau'd tree:
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Obscrues in thee the markes of courtesie:

The Shepherds Hunting.

And if my iudgement erre not, noted to,
More then in those that more would seeme to doe.
Such *Virtues* thy rare modesty doth hide,
Which by their proper luster I espy'd;
And though long maskt in silence they haue beene,
I haue a Wisedome through that silence seene,
Yea, I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealment sung.
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely shade.
And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spie,
Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby:
In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring Sheepe
Vpon the border of these Downes I keepe:
Where often thou at Pastorals and Playes,
Hast grac'd our Wakes on Summer Holy-dayes:
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to heare your learned shepherds sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady Groues,
And in chaste Sonnets wooe their chaster Loues:
When I, endued with the meanest skill,
Mongst others haue been vrg'd to tune my quill.
But, (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou saw'st me, though thou knew'st me not.

Alexis.

Yes *Philaret*, I know thee, and thy name.
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame.

Ant

The Shepherds Hunting.

Art thou not he, that but this other yeere,
Scard'st all the Wolues and Foxes in the Sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately tride
(Hauing scarce twenty Satyrs on thy side)
Held'st play: and though assailed kept'st thy stand
Gainst all the best-tride Ruffians in the Land?
Did'st thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great *Pas* was gone?
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I must confesse that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For, till I mark'd the ayme thy Satyrs had,
I thought them over-bold, and thee halfe mad.
But, since I did more neerely on thee looke,
I soone perceiu'd that I all had mistooke,
I saw that of a *Cynicke* thou mad'st show,
Where since, I finde, that thou wert nothing so;
And that of many thou much blame had'st got,
When as thy *Innocency* deseru'd it not.
But that too good opinion thou hast seem'd
To haue of me (not so to bee seem'd)
Preuailes not ought to stay him who doth feare,
He rather should reproofs then prayles beare.
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honest to,
Which made mee like, then loue, as now I do;
And, *Phila*, though a stranger, this to thee Ile say,
Where I doe loue, I am not coy to stay.

Phila.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Philarete.

Thankes, gentle Swaine, that dost so soone vnfold
What I to thee as gladly would haue told,
And thus thy wonted curtisie exprest
In kindly entertaining this request.
Sure, I should iniure much my owne content,
Or wrong thy loue to stand on complement;
Who hast acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age haue done.
Or by an ouer-weebling flowrie matter
What thy more wildome hath brought on so farre.
Then sit thou downe, and let my minde declare,
As freely, as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to giue me eare,
Something thou mayst for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Philarete, I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, *Alexis*, from that very day,
When as I saw thee at thy Shepheards Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke first note;
I meane that Pastor who by *Tames* springs,
Chaste Shepheards loues in sweetest numbers sings,
And with his Musicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the fairest *Nymphs* of *Thame*.

End

The Shepherds Hunting.

E'ne then (me thought) I did espy in thee
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee:
Which, in thy more apparant vertues, shin'd;
And, among many, I (in thought) deuin'd,
By something my conceit had vnderstood,
That thou wert markt one of the *Muses* brood,
That, made me loue thee: and that Loue I beare
Begot a Pitty, and that Pitty, Care:
Pitty I had to see good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to haue that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse,
To possesse much, and yet put nought in vse.
Hereon I vow'd (if weetwo euer met)
The first request that I would strive to get,
Should be but this, that thou would'st shew thy skill,
How thou could'st tune thy Verses to thy quill:
And teach thy *Muse* in some well-framed Song,
To shew the *Art* thou hast suppress so long:
Which if my new-acquaintance may obtaine,
I will for euer honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas! my small experience scarce can tell,
So much as where those *Nymphs*, the *Muses*, dwell;
Nor (though my slow conceit still trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of *Hellicon*.
Or, if I might so fauour'd be to taste
What those sweet streames but ouer-flow in waste,
And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And touch *Parnassus*, where it low'lt doth lie,
I feare my skill would hardly flag so hie.

Philarete.

Despaire not Man, the Gods haue prized nought
So deere, that may not be with labour bought:
Nor need thy paine be great, since *Fate* and *Heaven*,
That (as a blessing) at thy birth haue giuen.

Alexis.

Why, say they had? —————

Philarete.

————— Then vse their gifts thou must.
Or be vngratefull, and so be vnjust:
For if it cannot truely be deni'd,
Ipgatitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more vngratefull must he be by ods,
Who doth conscale the bounty of the Gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Envy* haunterh those
Who seeking Fame, their hidden skill disclose:
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying:
Cryticks will censure our best straines of Wit,
And pur-blind *Ignorance* misconster it.

but

Am

The Shepherds Hunting.

And which is bad, (yet worse then this doth follow)
Most hate the *Muses*, and contemne *Apelle*.

Philarete.

So let them : why should wee their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of our selues can deeme?
Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them,
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne.
Can we haue better pastime then to see
Their grosse heads may so much deceiued bee,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly?
Or to behold blacke *Envy* in her prime,
Die selfe-consum'd, whilst we vie liues with time;
And, in despite of her, more fame attaine,
Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

Alexis.

Yes, but if I appli'd mee to those straines,
Who should drine forth my Flocks vnto the plaines,
Which, whilst the *Muses* rest, and leasure craue,
Must watering, folding, and attendance haue?
For if I leaue with wonted care to cherish
Those tender *heards*, both I and they should perish.

Philarete.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forsake,

Not

The Shepherds Hunting?

Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse,
As to neglect thy calling for thy *Muse*.
But, let these two, so each of other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow;
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy *Muse* to passe the long and tedious day:
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*,
Thy Sheepe, to listen, will more neere thee feed;
The Wolves will shun them, birds about thee sing,
And Lamkins dance about thee in a Ring.
Nay, which is more; in this thy low estate,
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarks mate;
For mighty *Pan*, and *Ceres*, to vs grants,
Our Fields and Flocks shall helpe our outward wants:
The *Muses* teach vs Songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Lasses on the Greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the fairest Queenes:
Or, what is more then most of them shall doe,
Wee'll make their iust fames last longer to,
And haue our Lines by greatest Princes grac'd
When both their name and memori's defac'd.
Therefore, *Alexis*, though that some disdain
The heavenly Musicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (o'rescene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other some enuy
The prayles due to sacred Poetrie,

The Shepherds Hunting.

Let them disdain, and fret till they are weary,
Wee in our selues haue that shall make vs merry:
Which, he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Would giue his life that he might die a Poet:

Alexis:

A braue perswasion.

Philarete.

Here thou see'st mee pent
Within the jaws of strict imprisonment;
A fore-lorne *Shepherd*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes;
Weake in my selfe, exposed to the Hate
Of those whose *Ennies* are insatiate:
Shut from my friends, banish'd from all delights,
Nay worse, excluded from the sacred *Rites*.
Here I doe liue mongst out-lawes markt for death,
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
Where those who to be good did neuer know,
Are barred from the meanes should make them so:
I suffer, cause I wish'd my Country well,
And what I more must beare I cannot tell.
I'me sure they giue my Body little scope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope*:
I waste my Meanes, which of it selfe is slender,
Consume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And many Crosse have, which those that can
Conceiue no wrong that hurts another man,
Will not take note of; though if halfe so much
Should light on them, or their owne person rouch,
Some that themselues (I feare) most worthy thinke,
With all their helpes would into basenesse shrinke,
But, spight of *Hate*, and all that Spight can do,
I can be patient yet, and merry to.
That slender *Muse* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though scarce deseru'd, hath gain'd a little fame,
Hath made mee vnto such a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to scorne;
Yea, midst these bands can sleight the *Great* that bee,
As much as their disdain misteemes of mee.
This Cause, whose very presence some affrights,
I haue oft made to Echo forth delights,
And hope to turne, if any Iustice be,
Both shame and care on those that wish'd it me;
For while the World rancke villanies affords,
I will not spare to paint them out in words;
Although I still should into troubles runne,
I knew what man could set, ere I begun;
And I'll fulfill what my *Muse* drawes mee to,
Maugre all *loyles*, and *Purgatories* to.
For whil'st shee sets mee honest task's about,
Virtue, or shee, (I know) will beare mee out:
And if, by *Fate*, th'abused power of some
Must, in the worlds-eye, leaue mee overcome,

They

The Shepherds Hunting.

They shall find one Fort yet, so fenc'd I crow,
It cannot feare a Mortals ouer-throw.
This *Hope*, and *Trust*, that great power did infuse,
That first inspir'd into my brest a *Muse*,
By whom I doe, and ever will contemne
All those ill haps, my foes despight, and them,

Alexis.

Th' hast so well (yong *Philaret*) plaid thy part,
I am almost in loue with that sweet Art:
And if some power will but inspire my song,
Alexis will not be obscured long.

Philarete.

Enough kinde Pastor: But oh! yonder see
Two honest Shepherds walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that so dearely loue,
Who are repairing vnto yonder Grove:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made musick to their flocks vpon these Plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do sheare
And till the long shade of the hills appeare,
Wee'le heare them sing: for though the one be young,
Neuer was any that more sweetly sung.

N n



A Postscript.

To the Reader.



If you haue read this, and re-
ceiued any content, I am
glad, (though it bee not so
much as I could wish you)
if you thinke it idle, why then I see wee
are not likely to fall out; for I am iust of
your minds; yet weigh it well before you
runne too farre in your censures, lest this
proue lesse barren of Wit, then you of
courtesie. It is very true (I know not
by what chance) that I haue of late been
so highly beholding to Opinion, that
I wonder how I crept so much into her
fauour, and if I did thinke it worthie
the fearing) I should be afraid that she
hauing

To the Reader.

having so undeservedly befriended mee beyond my Hope or expectation, will, upon as little cause, ere long, againe picke some quarrell against mee; and it may bee, meanes to make vse of this, which I know must needes come farre short of their expectation, who by their earnest desire of it, seem'd to be fore-possessed with a farre better conceite, then I can beleue it prooves worthy of. So much at least I doubted, and therefore loth to deceiue the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my selfe, indeed, not dreaming euer to see it published: But now, by the ouermuch perswasion of some friends, I haue been constrained to expose it to the generall view. Which seeing I haue done, somethings I desire thee to take notice of. First, that I am Hee, who to pleasure my friend,

A Postscript

haue fram'd my selfe a content out of that which would otherwise discontent mee. Secondly, that I haue co-ucted more to effect what I thinke truly honest in it selfe, then by a seeming shew of Art, to catch the vaine blastes of vncertaine Opinion. This that I haue here written, was no part of my studie, but onely a recreation in imprisonment: and a trifle, neither in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to bee made common; yet some, who it should seeme esteemed it worthy more respect then I did, tooke paines to copy it out, vnkowne to mee, and in my absence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Presse; so that if I had not hindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme had beene troubled with it. I was much blamed by some Friends for withstanding

to the Reader.

ding it, to whose request I should more easily haue consented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should thereby more disparage my selfe, then content them. For I doubt I shall bee supposed one of those, who out of their arrogant desire of a little preposterous Fame, thrust into the world euery vnseasoned trifle that drops out of their vnsetled braines; whose basenesse how much I hate, those that know mee can witnesse, for if I were so affected, I might perhaps present the World with as many seuerall Poems, as I haue seene yeeres; and iustly make my selfe appeare to bee the Author of some things that others haue shamefully vsurped and made vse of as their owne. But I will be content other men should owne some of those Issues of the Braine, for I

A Postscript

would be loath to confesse all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neither shall any more of them, by my consent, in hast againe trouble the world, vnlesse I know which way to benefit it with lesse preiudice to my owne estate. And therefore if any of those lesse serious Poems which are already disperst into my friends hands, come amongst you, let not their publication be imputed to me, nor their lightnesse be any disparagement to what hath been since more serious written, seeing it is but such stufte as riper iudgements haue in their farre elder yeeres been much more guilty of.

I know an indifferent Crittick may finde many faults, as well in the slightnesse of this present Subiect, as in the erring from the true nature of an Eglogue : moreouer, it altogether con-
cernes

to the Reader.

cernes my self, which diuers may dislike.
But neither can bee done on iust cause :
The first hath bin answered already: The
last might consider that I was there
where my owne estate was chiefly to bee
looked vnto, and all the comfort I could
minister vnto my selfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading I shall bee glad : if hee thinke his paines ill bestow'd, let him blame himselfe for meddling with that concerned him not: I neither commended it to him, neither cared whether he read it or no ; because I know those that were desirous of it, will esteeme the same as much as I expect they should.

But it is not vnlikely, some wil thinke I haue in diuers places been more wanton (as they take it) then befitting a Satirist; yet their severity I feare not, because

A Postscript, &c.

I am assured all that I euer yet did, was free from Obscænitie: neyther am I so Cynical, but that I thinke a modest expression of such amorous conceits as suite with Reason, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to haue feeling of the power of Loue, were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an ouersottish affection were of extreame folly. Lastly, if you thinke it hath not well answered the Title of the Shepheards Hunting, goe quarrell with the Stationer, who bid himselfe God-Father, and imposed the Name according to his owne liking; and if you, or hee, finde any faults, pray mend them.

Valete.

FINIS.

FIDELIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

GENT:



LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the signe of the *Greene Dragon*, 1622.

FIDELLIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER.



LONDON.

Printed by T. S. for John Baskin, dwelling in Roper
Church-yard in the City of London.
Dragon 1622.

An Elegiacall Epistle of *Fidelia*,
to her vnconstant Friend.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, being a fragment of some greater Poeme, discovers the modest affections of a discreet and constant Woman, shadowed under the name of Fidelia; wherein you may perceiue the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as be seemeth their Sex, but further it medales not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutability in her friend, whose obiections shee heere presupposing, consuteth, and in the person of him iustly upbraideth all that are subiect to the like change, or ficklenesse in minde. Among the rest, some more weightie Arguments then are (perhaps) expected in such a subiect, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.



QFt I haue heard tel, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of minde.
And that it hath been rightly said of old,
Loue that's soon'st hot, is ener soonest cold.

Or

Fidelia.

Or else my teares at this time had not stain'd
The spotlesse paper, nor my lines complain'd.
I had not, now, been forced to haue sent
These lines for *Nuncio's* of my discontent,
Nor thus, exchanged, so vnhappily,
My songs of Mirth, to write an Elegie.
But, now I must ; and, since I must doe so,
Let mee but craue, thou wilt not flout my wee ;
Nor entertaine my sorrowes with a scoffe,
But, reade (at least) before thou cast them off.
And, though thy heart's too hard to haue compassion,
Oh blame not, if thou pittie not my *Passion*,
For well thou know'st (alas, that cr'e'twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, scarce dare a beggar bee,
Presum'd for more to haue commanded thee.
Yea, the *Day* was, (but see how things may change)
When thou, and I, haue not been halfe so strange ;
But oft embrac'd each other, gently greeting,
With such kinde words, as *Turtle, Dove, or Sweeting*.
Yea, had thy meaning, and those vowes of thine,
Prou'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine,
It still had been so : for (I doe not faine)
I should rejoyce it might be so againe.
But, sith thy *Love* growes cold, and thou vnkinde,
Be not displeas'd I somewhat breath my minde ;
I am in hope, my words may proue a mirrour,
Whereon thou looking, may'st behold thine error.

And

Fidelia.

And yet, the *Heaven*, and my sad heart doth know,
How griu'd I am, and with what feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy disloyalty :
Or, liue to be the Author of a line
That shall be printed with a fault of thine;
(Since if that thou but slightly touched be,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and shame, it strikes in me :)
And yet I must; ill hap compels me to
What I nere thought to haue had cause to do.
And therefore, seeing that some angry *Fate*
Imposes on mee, what I so much hate:
Or, since it is so, that the Powers diuine
Mee (miserable) to such cares assigne;
Oh that *Loue's* patron, or some sacred *Muse*,
Amongst my *Passions*, would such Art infuse,
My well-fram'd words, and aery sighs might proue
The happy blasts to re-inflame thy loue.
Or, at least, touch thee with thy fault so neere,
That thou might'st see thou wrong'st, who held thee
Seeing, confesse the same, and so abhorre it, (deere
Abhorring, pittie, and repent thee for it.
But (*Deare*) I hope that I may call thee so,
(For thou art deare to mee, although a foe)
Tell mee, is't true, that I doe heare of thee,
And, by thy absence, true appears to bee?
Can such abuse be in the Court of *Loue*,
False and inconstant now, thou *Hee* should'st proue?

Hee

Fidelia.

He, that so wofull, and so pensive late,
Vowing his seruice at my feete of late?
Art thou that *quondam* louer, whose sad eye
I seldome saw yet, in my presence dry?
And from whose gentle-seeming tongue I know
So many pittie-mouing words could flow?
Was't thou, so soughtst my loue, so seeking that
As if it had been all th'hadst aymed at?
Making me think thy *Passion* without staine,
And gently quite thee with my loue againe?
With this perswasion I so fairely plac'd it,
Nor *Time*, nor *Enny*, should haue ere defac'd it?
Is't so? haue I done thus much? and art thou
So ouer-cloyed with my fauours now?
Art wearied since with louing, and estranged
So far? Is thy affection so much changed,
That I of all my hopes must be deceyued,
And all good thoughts of thee be quite bereaued?

Then true I finde, which long before this day
I fear'd my selfe, and heard some wiser say;
*That there is nought on earth so sweet, that can
Long relish with the curious taste of Man.*

Happy was I; yea, well it was with mee,
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I ioy'd the sweetest content that euer *Maid*
Possessed yet; and truely well-a-paid,
Made to my selfe (alone) as pleasant mirth
As euer any *Virgine* did on earth.

The

Fidelia.

The melody I vs'd was free, and such
As that Bird makes, whom neuer hand did touch;
But, vn-allur'd, (with *Fowlers* whistling) flies
Above the reach of humane treacheries.

And (well I doe remember) often then
Could I reade o're the pollicies of men,
Discover what vncertainties they were;
How they would sigh, looke sad, protest, and sweare;
Nay, faigne to die, when they did neuer proue
The slenderest touch of a right-worthy loue:
But had chil'd hearts, whose dulnesse vnderstood
No more of *Passion*, then they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humour amongst women-kinde)
This vow I made; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though neuer so much grieu'd,
Should moue my heart to liking whilst I liu'd.

But, who can say, what she shall liue to do?
I haue belescu'd, and let in liking to,
And that so farre, I cannot yet see how
I may so much as hope, to helpe it now;
Which makes mee thinke, what e're we *women* say,
Another minde will come another day.
And that men may to things vnhop'd for clime,
Who watch but *Opportunity* and *Time*.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or such course, and ill-temper'd stufte as they.

For

Fidelia.

For he that fram'd vs of their flesh, did daigne
When 'twas at best, to new refine't againe.
Which makes vs euer since the kinder *Creatures*,
Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *Natures*.
And as wee oft excell in outward parts,
So wee haue nobler and more gentle hearts.
Which, you well knowing, daily doe deuise
How to imprint on them your *Cruelties*.
But doe I finde my cause thus bad indeed?
O else on things imaginary feed?
Am I the lasse that late so truly lolly,
Made my selfe merry off, at others folly?
Am I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
That was so cold, so hard to be inflam'd?
Am I my selfe? or is my selfe that *See*
Who from this *Thraldome*, or such fallhoods free,
Late own'd mine owne heart, and foll merry then,
Did fore-warne others to beware of Men?
And could not, hauing taught them what to doe,
Now learne my selfe, to take heede of you to?
Foole that I am, I feare my guerdon's iust,
In that I knew this, and presum'd to trust.
And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
One sparke of goodnesse in the world might dwell:
And then, I thought, If such a thing might be,
Why might not that one sparke remaine in thee?
For thy faire out-side, and thy fayrer tongue,
Did promise much, although thy yeares were young.

And

Fidelia.

And *Vertue* (whereſoeuer ſhe be now)
Seem'd then, to ſit enthron'd vpon thy brow.
Yea, ſure it was: but, whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am, and was perſwaded ſo.
Which made me loth to thinke, that words of faſhion,
Could be ſo fram'd, ſo ouer-laid with *Paſſion*,
Or ſighes ſo feeling, fain'd from any breaſt.
Nay, ſay thou haſt been falſe in all the reſt;
Yet from thy eye, my heart ſuch notice tooke,
Me thought, guile could not faine ſo ſad a looke.
But now I'ue try'd, my bought experience knowes,
They oft are worſt, that make the faireſt ſhewes.
And howſoe're men faine an outward griening,
'Tis neither worth reſpecting, nor believing:
For, ſhe that doth one to her mercy take,
Warmes in her boſome but a frozen ſnake:
Which heated with her fauours, gather ſence,
And ſtings her to the heart in recompence.

But tell me why, and for what ſecret ſpight
You in poore womens miſeries delight?
For ſo it ſeemes; elſe why d'ye labour for
That, which when 'tis obtained, you abhor?
Or to what end doe you endure ſuch paine
To win our loue, and caſt it off againe?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or elſe your ſtrengths, to helpe vs beare our ſorrow:

But we are cauſe of all this grieve and ſhame,
And we haue none but our owne ſelues to blame:

O o

For

Fidelia

For still we see your falshood for our learning,
Yet neuer can haue power to tak'e for warning;
But (as if borne to be deluded by you)
We know you trustlesse, and yet still we try you.

(Alas) what wrong was in my power to doe thee?
Or what despight haue I er'e done vnto thee?
That thou shouldst chuse Me, aboue all the rest,
To be thy scorne, and thus be made a iest?
Must mens ill natures such true villaines proue them,
To make the wrong those most that most do loue them?
Couldst thou finde none in *Countrey, Towne or Court*,
But onely Me, to make thy *Foole*, thy sport?
Thou knowst I haue no wanton courses runne,
Nor seemed easie vnto lewdnesse wonne.
And (though I cannot boast me of much wit,)
Thou saw'st no signe of fondnesse in me yet.
Nor did ill nature euer so ore-sway me,
To flout at any that did woe or pray me,
But grant I had been guilty of abusage,
Of thee I'me sure I ne're deseru'd such vsage.
But thou wert grieued to behold my smilings,
When I was free from loue, and thy beguilings.
Or to what purpose else didst thou bestow
Thy time, and study to delude me so?
Hast thou good parts? and dost thou bend them all
To bring those that ne're hated thee in thrall?
Prethee take heed, although thou yet inioy'st them
They'l be tooke from thee, if thou so imploy'st them.

For

Fidelia. 7

For though I wish not the least harme to thee,
I feare, the iust *Heavens* will reuenged be.
Oh! what of *Mee* by this time had become,
If my desires with thine had hapt to come,
Or I, vnwisely, had consented to
What (shamelesse) once thou didst attempt to doe?
I might haue falne, by those immodest trickes,
Had not some power beene stronger then my Sex.
And if I should haue so been drawne to folly,
I saw thee apt enough to be vnholly.
Or if my weakenesse had beene prone to sinne,
I poorely by thy strength had succour'd bin.
You Men make vs belieue you doe but try,
And that's your part, (you say) ours to deny.
Yet I much feare, if we through frailty stray,
There's few of you within your bounds will stay;
But, maugre all your seeming *Virtue*, be
As ready to forget your selues, as we.
I might haue fear'd thy part of loue not strong
When thou didst offer me so base a wrong
And that I after loath'd thee not, did proue
In mee some extraordinary *Loue*.
For sure had any other but in thought,
Presum'd vnworthily what thou hast sought,
Might it appeare, I should doe thus much for him,
With a scarce reconciled hate abhorre him.
My young experience neuer yet did know
Whether desire might range so farre, or no,

Fidelia.

To make true *Lovers* carelesly request,
What rash enioyning makes them most vnblest,
Or blindly thorow frailty giue consenting
To that, which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my iudgement it doth rather proue
That they are fir'd with lust, then warm'd with loue.
And if it be for prooffe men so proceed,
It shewes a doubt, else what doe tryals neede?
And where is that man living euer knew
That false distrust, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meere cause of that vnblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, that hates suspect.

And yet, thee and thy loue I will excuse,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuse.
For, Ile suppose thy passion made thee proffer
That vnto me, thou to none else wouldst offer.
And so, thinke thou, if I haue thee deni'd,
Whom I more lou'd then all men else beside;
What hope haue they, such fauour to obtaine,
That neuer halfe so much respect could gaine?

Such was my loue, that I did value thee
Aboue all things below eternity.
Nothing on *Earth* vnto my heart was nearer
No Ioy so prized, nor no Iewell dearer.
Nay: I doe feare I did *Idolatrize*;
For which *Heauens* wrath inflicts these miseries,
And makes the things which were for blessings lent,
To be renewers of my discontent.

Where

Fidelia.

Where was there any of the *Naiades*,
The *Dryad's*, or the *Hamadryades*?
Which of the *Brittish* shires can yeeld againe,
A mistresse of the Springs, or Wood, or Plaine?
Whose eye enioy'd more sweet contents then mine,
Till I receiu'd my overthrow by thine?
Where's she did more delight in Springs and Rills?
Where's she that walk'd more Groues, or Downs, or Hills?
Or could by such faire artlesse prospect, more
Adde by conceit, to her contentments store
Then I; whilst thou wert true, and with thy Graces
Didst giue a pleasing presence to those places?
But now *What is? What was* hath overthrowne,
My Rose-decke allies, now with Rue are strowne;
And from those flowers that honyed vs to be,
I sucke nought now but iuyce to poyson mee.

For eu'n as she, whose gentle spirit can raile,
To apprehend *Loues* noble mysteries,
Spying a precious *Jewell* richly set,
Shine in some corner of her *Cabener*,
Taketh delight at first to gaze vpon
The pretty lustre of the sparkling stone,
(And pleas'd in mind, by that doth seeme to see
How vertue shines through base obscurity;)
But prying neerer, seeing it doth proue
Some relique of her deere deceased *Loue*,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought, and sees most far from hope:

Fidelia.

Fainting almost beneath her *Passions* weight,
And quite forgetfull of her first conceit:
Looking vpon't againe, from thence she borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her sorrowes.

So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers,
Seel'd, strow'd, and trim'd vp with leaves, hearbes, and
Walke pleased on a while, and doe deuize, (flowers.
How on each obiect I may moralize.

But er'e I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee:
Here thou didst once slip off the virgin sprays,
To crowne me with a wreath of liuing Bayes.

On such a Banke I see how thou didst lye,
When viewing of a shady *Mulbery*,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse
Of louing *Thybe*, and young *Piramus*:

And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.

But if some neighbouring *Row* doe draw me to
Those *Arbors*, where the shadowes seeme to wooe

The weary loue-sicke *Passenger*, to sit
And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it;

How faire (thinke I) would this sweet place appeare,
If he I loue, were present with me heere.

Nay, euery seuerall obiect that I see,
Doth scuerally (me thinkes) remember thee.

But the delight I vs'd from thence to gather,
I now exchange for cares, and seeke them rather.

But

Fidelia.

But those whose dull and grosse affections can
Extend but onely to desire a *Man*,
Cannot the depth of these rare *Passions* know :
For their imaginations flagge too low.
And cause their base *Conceits* doe apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the flesh doth tend ;
In *Lones* embraces they neere reach vnto
More of content than the brute *Creatures* do.
Neither can any iudge of this, but such
Whose brauer mindes for brauer thoughts doe touch,
And haping spirits of a nobler frame,
Feele the true heate of *Lones* vnquenched flame.

They may conceiue aright what smarting sting
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enioy, and then doe misse,
What to their soules most deere and precious is.
With mee 'tis so ; for those walkes that once seem'd
Pleasing, when I of thee was more esteem'd,
To me appeare most desolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the highest of contents did borrow,
There am I paid it home with deepest sorrow.

Vnto one place, I doe remember well,
We walkt the eu'nings to heare *Phylomels*
And that seemes now to want the light it had,
The shadow of the *Grone's* more dull and sad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fowles,
That screech ill-lucke ; as melancholy *Owles*,

Fidelia.

Or fatall *Rauens*, that seld' boding good,
Croke their blacke *Auguries* from some darke wood.

Then if from thence I halfe despairing goc,
Another place begins another wo :

For thus vnto my thought it seemes to say,

Hither thou saw'st him riding once that way :

Thither to meete him thou didst nimble hast thee,

Yon he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee :

Which whilst I sighing wish to doe againe,

Another object brings another paine.

For passing by that *Greene*, which (could it speake)

Would tell it saw vs run at *Barly-breake* ;

There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree

Thou hadst engrauen for the loue of me ;

When we two, all one in heate of day,

With chaste imbraces draue swift houres away.

Then I remember to (vnto my smart)

How loath we were, when time compeld to part ;

How cunningly thy *Passions* thou couldst faine,

In taking leaue, and comming backe againe :

So oft, vntill (as seeming to forget

We were departing) downe againe we set ?

And freshly in that sweet discourse went on,

Which now I almost faint to thinke vpon.

Viewing againe those other walkes and Groves

That haue beene witnesses of our chaste loues ;

When I beheld those Trees whose tender skin

Hath that cut out, which still cuts me within.

Or

Fidelia

Or come, by chance, vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldst sit, and teach the neighbouring hill
To answer, in an Eccho, vnto those
Rare *Problems* which thou often didst propose.
When I come there (thinke I) if these could take
That vse of words and speech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thousand pleasures then
Which I shall neuer liue to taste agen.

And thereupon, *Remembrance* doth so racke
My thoughts, with representing what I lacke,
That in my minde those Clerkes doe argue well,
Which hold *Prination* the great'st plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes mee halfe so bad,
As the *Remembrance* of those joyes I had.

Oh hast thou quite forgot, when sitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the *Fry*
Play'd on the silver-waues? There where I first
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurst;
There where thy too-too earnest suit compeld
My ouer-soone beleeuing heart to yeeld
One fauour first, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere should need
(As now) to grieue for doing such a deed.
So freely I my curtesies bestow'd,
That whole I was vnwarily I show'd:
And to my heart such passage made for thee,
Thou canst not to this day remoued be,

And

Fidelia.

And what breast could resist it, hauing scene
How true thy loue had in appearance beene?
For (I shall ne're forget) when thou hadst there
Laid open euery discontent and care,
Wherewith thou deeply seem'dst to me oppress,
When thou (as much as any could protest)
Hadst vow'd and sworne, and yet perceiu'dst no signe
Of pittie-moting in this breast of mine:
Well Loue (saidst thou) since neither sigh nor vow,
Nor any seruice may auaille me now;
Since neither the recitall of my smart,
Nor those strong *Passions* that assaile my heart;
Nor any thing may moue thee to believe
Of these my sufferings, or to grant reliefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor desert, that may
Get mee so much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Sweet *Loue* farewell; farewell faire beauties light,
And euery pleasing obiect of the sight:
My poore despayring heart heere biddeth you,
And all Content, for euermore, adue.

Then eu'n as thou seemd'st ready to depart;
Reaching that hand, which after gaue my hart,
(And thinking this sad *Farewell* did proceed
From a sound breast, but truely mou'd indeed)
I stayd thy departing from mee so,
Whilst I stood mute with sorrow, thou for show.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impression of such *Pitty* tooke,

That,

Fidelia.

That, with the strength of *Passion* overcome,
A deep-fetcht sigh my heart came breathing from:
Whereat thou (euer wisely vsing this
To take aduantage when it offered is)
Renewd'st thy sute to mee, who did afford
Consent, in silence first, and then in word.

So that for yeelding thou maist thanke thy wit,
And yet when euer I remember it,
Trust me, I muse, and often (wondring) thinke,
Thorough what craney, or what secret chinke
That *Loue*, vnwares, so like a slye close Else,
Did to my heart insinuate it selfe.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'st to woo,
Could as much loue, and as well court me to;
And, though they had not learned so the fashion,
Of acting such well counterfeited *Passion*;
In wit, and person, they did equall thee,
And worthier seem'd, vnlesse thou'l't faithfull be.
Yet still vn mou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd:
No, not one thought of loue was entertain'd:
Nor could they brag of the least fauour to them,
Saue what meere curtesie enioyn'd to doe them.
Hard was my heart: But would't had harder bin,
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in;
Thou, *Tyrant*, that art so imperious there,
And onely tak'st delight to *Dominere*.
But held I out such strong, such oft assailing,
And euer kept the honour of preuailing?

Was

Fidelia.

Was this poore-breast from loves allurings free,
Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee?
Did I vnlocke that strong affections dore,
That neuer could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and, at thy intercession,
So freely give vp all my hearts possession:
That to my selfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will, to put thee from't againe?
Did I doe this, (and all on thy bare vow)
And wilt thou thus requite my kindnesse now?
Oh that thou eyther hadst not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to cast thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become so rude,
And ouer-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swar'st thou so deeply that thou wouldst perseuer,
That I might thus be cast away for euer?
Well, then 'tis true, that Louers periuries,
Among some men, are thought no iniuries:
And that she onely hath least cause of griefe,
Who of your words hath smal'st, or no beliefe.

Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin more tho, then thou couldst haue don;
But, neither being so, what Reason is
On thy side, that should make thee offer this?

I know, had I beene false, or my faith fail'd,
Thou wouldst at womens ficklenesse haue rail'd;
And if in mee it had an error bin,
In thee shall the same fault be thought no sin?

Rather

Fidelia.

Rather I hold that which is bad in mee,
Will be a greater blemish vnto thee :
Because, by *Nature*, thou art made more strong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But 'tis our *Fortune*, you'le haue all the power,
Onely the *Care* and *Burden* must be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to do,
Vnlesse you lay the blame vpon vs to.
Oh that there were some gentle-minded *Poet*
That knew my heart, as well as now I know it ;
And would endear me to his loue so much,
To giue the world (though but) a slender touch
Of that sad *Passion* which now clogs my heart,
And shew my truth, and thee how false thou art :
That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man,
There's ficklenesse in men, and faith in woman.

Thou saw'st I first let *Pitty* in, then liking,
And lastly, that which was thy onely seeking :
And, when I might haue scorn'd that loue of thine,
(As now vngently thou despisest mine,)
Among the inmost Angles of my brest,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it best :
Which thou hast stolne to, like a thanklesse Mate,
And left mee nothing but a blacke selfe-hate.
What canst thou say for this, to stand contending ?
What colour hast thou left for thy offending ?
Thy wit, perhaps, can some excuse deuise,
And faine a colour for those iniuries ;

But

Fidelia

But well I know, if thou excuse this treason,
It must be by some greater thing then reason.

Are any of those *vertues* yet defac'd,
On which thy first affection seemed plac'd?
Hath any secret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the blisse that to my heart belonged?
What then? shall I condemned be vnheard,
Before thou knowest how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'st it is full of enuy, and suspicion,
So that the war'st in thought, word, and action,
Shall oft be iniur'd, by foule-mouth'd dattraction:
And therefore thou (me-thinkes) should'st wisely pause
Before thou credit rumors without cause,
But I haue gotten such a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence:
It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now,
Sweet, tell mee then; is it some sacred vow?
Hast thou resolued, not to ioyn thy hand
With any one in *Hymens* holy band?
Thou shouldst haue done it then, when thou wert free,
Before thou hadst bequeath'd thy selfe to mee.
What vow dost deeme more pleasing vnto *Heauen*,
Then what is by vnfained louers giuen?
If any be, yet sure it frowneth at
Those that are made for contradicting that.
But, if thou wouldst liue chaste all thy life,
That thou maist do, though we be *man* and *wife*:

Or,

Fidelia.

Or, if thou long'st a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why (if it be thy pleasure) so doe I.
Make mee but thine, and I'll (contented) be
A *Virgin* still, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuventing braine assay
To mocke, and still delude mee euery way;
But call to minde, how thou hast deeply sworne
Nor to neglect, nor leaue mee thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to mee as when
Wee first did loue, doe but come see mee then.
Vouchsafe that I may sometime with thee walke,
Or sit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke;
And I that most content once aymed at,
Will thinke there is a world of blisse in that.

Dost thou suppose that my *Desires* denies
With thy affections well to sympathize?
Or such peruersnesse hast thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* disagreeing be?
Thou know'st when thou didst wake I could not sleepe;
And if thou wert but sad, that I should weepe,
Yet (euen when the teares my cheeke did staine)
If thou didst smile, why I could smile againe:
I neuer did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canst tell, I oft haue spake thy thought.
Waking, the selfe-same course with thee I runne,
And sleeping, oftentimes our dreames were one.

The Dyall-needle, though it sence doth want,
Still bends to the beloued *Adams*;

Life

Fidelia.

Lift the one vp, the other vppward tends;
If this fall downe, that presently descends:
Turne but about the stone, the Steele turnes to;
Then straight returns, if so the other do;
And, if it stay, with trembling keeps one place,
As if it (panting) long'd for an embrace.
So was't with mee: for, if thou merry wert,
That mirth of thine, mou'd ioy within my heart:
I sighed to, when thou didst sigh or frowne:
When thou wert sicke, thou hast perceiu'd me swoone;
And being sad, haue oft, with forc'd delight,
Striu'd to giue thee content beyond my might.
When thou wouldst talke, then haue I talk'd with thee,
And silent been, when thou wouldst silent be.
If thou abroad didst goe, with ioy I went;
If home thou lou'dst, at home was my content:
Yea, what did to my *Nature* disagree,
I could make pleasing, cause it pleased thee.
But, if't be either my weake Sex, or youth,
Makes thee misdoubt my vndistained truth,
Know this; as none (till that vnhappy hower,
When I was first madethine,) had euer power
To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence;
No more (I sweare) could any *Creature* since.
No lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Passions* Art,
Could pierce so deepe to penetrate my hart.
No name but thine, was welcome to my care;
No word did I so soone, so gladly heare:

Not

Fidelia.

Noreuer could my eyes behold or see,
What I was since delighted in, but thee.

And sure thou wouldst beleue it to be so,
If it could tell, or words might make thee know,
How many a weary night my tumbled bed
Hath knowne me sleepelesse: what salt-teares I've shed;
What scalding-fighes, the markes of soules oppress,
Haue hourly breathed from my carefull breast.
Nor wouldst thou deeme those waking sorrowes faine,
If thou mightst see how sleeping I am paind.
For if sometimes I chance to take a slumber,
Vnwelcme dreames my broken rest doth cumber,
Which dreaming makes me start, starting with feares
Wakes; and so by waking I renew my cares:
Vntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
Drownd in their owne floods fall againe to sleeping.
Oh! that thou couldst but thinke, when last wee parted,
How much I, grieving for thy absence, smarted:
My very soule fell sicke, my heart to aking,
As if they had their last *Farewells* beene taking;
Or feared by some secret Divination,
This thy revolt, and causelesse alteration:
Didst thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
Was to let goe the hold it had of thine?
And with what heavy, what vnwilling looke
I leaue of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
I know thou didst; and though now thus thou doe,
I am deceiu'd, but then it grieu'd thee to.

P p

Then,

Fidelia.

Then, if I so with *Loves* fell passion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to strengthen me some trust;
And hope, that thou wouldst nere haue prou'd vnjust:
What was my torture then, and hard endurance,
When of thy falshood I receiu'd assurance.

Alas, my Tongue, a-while, with griefe was dumbe,
And a cold shuddering did my ioynts benumme,
Amazement seiz'd my thought, and so preuailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ailed.
Nor can I yet tell, since my suffering then
Was more then could be showne by *Poets* Pen;
Or well conceiu'd by any other hart
Then that which in such care hath borne a part.

Oh me; how loth was I to haue belceu'd
That to be true, for which so much I grieu'd?
How gladly would I haue perswaded bin,
There had bin no such matter, no such sin.
I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true,
Why may not this, thought I, some vision be,
Some sleeping dreame, or waking phantasie,
Begotten by my ouer-blinded folly,
Or else engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it so real (thought I) then
Must I be cast from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all those fading blisses,
Which late my hope had, and now so much misses?

Where

Fidelia

Where is that future fickle happinesse
Which I so long expected to possesse?
And, thought I to, where are his dying *Passions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poesies*, witty *Anagrams*?
I could not thinke, all that might have been fain'd,
Nor any faith, I thought so firme, bin flain'd.
Nay, I doe sure and confidently know,
It is not possible it should be so:
If that rare Art and *Passion* was thine owne,
Which in my presence thou hast often showne.
But, since thy change, my much-presaging heart
Is halfe afraid, thou some impostor wert:
Or that thou didst but (Player-like addrest)
Act that which flow'd from some more gentle breast.
Thy puffed inuention, with worse matter swolne,
Those thy conceits from better wits hath stolne:
Or else (I know) it could not be, that thou
Shouldst be so ouer-cold as thou art now;
Since those, who haue that, feelingly, their owne,
Euer possesse more worth conceal'd, then knowne.
And if *Loue* euer any Mortals touch,
To make a braue impression, 'tis in such,
Who sworne loues *Chaplines*, will not violate
That, whereunto themselves they consecrate.
But oh you noble brood, on whom the World
The slighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,

Fidelia.

(Because your thoughts for higher objects borne,
Their groueling humors and affection scorne)
You, whom the *Gods*, to heare your strains, will follow,
Whilst you doe court the sisters of *Apelle*.
You, whom there's none that's worthy, can neglect,
Or any that vnworthy is, affect.
Oh let not those that seeke to doe you shame,
Bewitch vs with those songs they cannot frame:
The noblest of our Sexe, and fairest to,
Doe euer loue and honour such as you.
Then wrong vs not so much to giue your *Passion*
To those that haue it but in imitation:
And in their dull breasts neuer feelee the power
Of such deepe thoughts as sweetly moue in your.
As well as you, they vs thereby abuse,
For (many times) when we our *Lines* chuse,
Where we thinke *Nature*, that rich *Lewell*, sets
Which shines in you, we light on counterfets.

But see, see whether discontentment beares me,
And to what yncouth strains my *Passion* reates me.
Yet pardon mee, I here againe repent,
If I haue erred through that discontentment.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be constant, serious, or be vaine, or light,
My loue remains indiolate the same,
Thou canst be nothing that can quench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou hast breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Fidelia

Nere was there one more true, then I to thee,
And though my faith must now despised be,
Vnpriz'd, vntalued at the lowest rate,
Yet this Ile tell thee, 'tis not all thy state,
Nor all that better-seeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee such another *Loue* as mine:
Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes,
Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods.
It is a purchase not procur'd with treasure,
As some fooles thinke, nor to be gaind at pleasure:
For were it so, and any could assure it,
What would not some men part with, to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not, as thou ought'st to do,
Thou know'st I loue; and once didst loue mee so.
Then where's the cause of this dislike in thee?
Suruey thy selfe, I hope there's none in mee.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art estranged?
See, is my person, or my beauty changed?
Once thou didst praise it, prethee view't agen,
And marke ift be not still the same twas then:
No false *Vermilion-dye* my cheekes distaines,
'Tis the poore bloud disperst through pores and vaines,
Which thou hast oft seen through my fore-head flushing,
To shew no dawby-colour hid my blushing:
Nor neuer shall: *Vertue*, I hope, will saue mee,
Contented with that beauty *Nature* gaue mee.
Or, ift seeme lesse, for that griefes-vail had hid it,
Thou threw'st it on mee, 'twas not I that did it,

Fidelia

And canst againe restore, what may repaire
All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire.
Which if thou doe, I'll be more wary than
To keep't for thee vnblemisht, what I can:
And cause at best 'twill want much of perfection,
The rest shall be supply'd with true affection.

But I doe feare, it is some others riches,
Whose more abundance that thy minde bewitches,
That baser object, that too generall aime,
Makes thee my lesse *Fortune* to disclaime.
Fie, canst thou so degenerate in spirit,
As to prefer the meanes before the merit?
(Although I cannot say it is in mee)
Such worth sometimes with poverty may be
To equalize the match she takes vpon her;
Tho th'other vaunt of *Birth, Wealth, Beauty, Honour*:
And many a one that did for greatnesse wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed.
Yet are my *Fortunes* knowne indifferent,
Not basely meane, but such as may content:
And though I yeeld the better to be thine,
I may be bold to say thus much, for mine;
That if thou couldst of them and me esteeme,
Neither thy state, nor birth, would mis-beseeme
Or if it did; how can I help't (alas)
Thou, not alone, before knew'st what it was.
But I (although not fearing so to speed)
Did also dislinable't more than need,

And

Fidelia.

And yet thou woo'dst, and wooing didst perseuer,
As if thou hadst intended *Loue* for euer :
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'st so small,
Thou had'st not any question of't at all ;
But hating much that peasant-like condition,
Did'st seeme displeas'd I held it in suspition.
Whereby I thinke, if nothing else doe thwart vs,
It cannot be the want of that will part vs.
Yea, I doe rather doubt indeed, that this
The needlesse feare of friends displeasure is.
Yes, that's the barre which stops out my delight,
And all my hope and ioy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart such sway
To shut mee thence, and wipe thy loue away ?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To disvnite hearts so conioyn'd as our ?
E're I would haue so done by thee ; I'de rather
Haue parted with one dearer then my father.
For though the will of our Creator bindes
Each Childe to learne and know his Parents mindes ;
Yet sure I am, so iust a *Deitie*,
Commandeth nothing against *Pietie*.
Nor doth that band of duty giue them leaue,
To violate their faith, or to deceive.
And though that *Parents* haue authority,
To rule their children in minority :
Yet they are neuer granted such power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize vpon them ;

Fidelia.

Or vse them vnder their command so ill,
To force them, without reason, to their will.

For who hath read in all the Sacred writ,
Of any one compeld to marriage (yet?)
What father so vnkinde (thereto requir'd)
Denide his *Childe* the match that he desir'd,
So that he found the Lawes did not forbid it?
I thinke those gentler ages no men did it.
In those daies therefore for them to haue bin
Contracted without licence had been sin?
Since there was more good *Nature* among men,
And every one more truly louing then.

But now (although we stand obliged still
To labour for their liking, and good-will)
There is no duty whereby they may tie vs
From ought which without reason they deny vs:
For I do thinke, it is not onely meant,
Children should aske, but *Parents* should consent:
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not consenting, as we not for speaking.

" It is no maruell many matches be
" Concluded now without their priuity;
" Since they, through greedy *Avarice* misled,
" Their interest in that haue forfeited.

For, some respectlesse of all care, doe marry
Hot youthfull-*May*, to cold old-*Ianuary*.

Some, for a greedy end, doe basely tie
The sweetest-faire, to soule-deformitie.

Forcing

Fidelia.

Forcing a loue from where'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it turnes to hate.
It seemes no cause of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections sympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of state,
They may in one made body tolerate;
As if they did desire that double stemme,
Should fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.
Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that haue ever discontented mindes:
And liue (though seeming vnto others well)
In the next torments vnto those of hell?
How many, desprate growne by this their sinne,
Haue both vndone themselues and all their kinne?
Many a one, we see, it makes to fall
With the too-late repenting *Prodigall*.
Thousands (though else by nature gentler giuen,)
To act the horridst murders oft are driven.
And (which is worse) there's many a carelesse else,
(Vnlesse Heauen pittie) kills and damnes his selfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what vn pittying eyes,
Could hold from teares to see those Tragedies,
Parents, by their neglect in this, haue hurld
Vpon the Stage of this respectlesse World?
'Tis not one *Man*, one *Family*, one *Kinne*,
No nor one *Countrey* that hath ruin'd bin
By such their folly, which the cause hath prou'd,
That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd

By

Fidelia.

By such beginnings many a City lies
Now in the dust, whose *Turrets* brau'd the skies;
And diuers *Monarchs* by such fortunes crost,
Haue seene their Kingdomes fir'd, and spoil'd, and lost.

Yet all this while, thou seest, I mention not,
The ruine, shame, and chastity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thousands that would haue done well,
Doe, by the meanes of this, suffer desires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires:
Nay some, in whose could breast nere flame had bin,
Haue onely for meeere vengeance false to sin.

My selfe haue seene, and my heart bled to see't,
A wit-lesse Clowne enjoy a match vnmeet.
She was a Lasse that had a looke to moue
The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue:
Her eye was such, whose euery glance did know
To kindle flames vpon the hils of Snow;
And by her powerfull piercings could imprint,
Or sparkle fire into a heart of flint:
And yet (vnlesse I much deceiued be)
In very thought did hate immodestie.
And (had sh' enjoyd the man she could haue lou'd)
Might, to this day, haue liued vn-reprou'd:
But, being forc'd, perforce, by seeming-friends,
With her consent, she her contentment ends.
In that, compel'd, her-selfe to him shee gaue,
Whose Bed, shee rather could haue witht her Graue;

And

Fidelia.

And since, I heare, what I much feare is true,
That shee hath bidden shame and fame adue.

Such are the causes now that Parents quite
Are put beside much of their ancient right :
Their feare of this, makes children to with-hold
From giuing them those dues which else they would :
And these thou see'st are the too-fruitfull ills,
Which daily spring from their vnbridled wils.
Yet they, forsooth, will haue it vnderstood,
That all their study, is their childrens good,
A seeming-*Lone* shall cover all they do :
When, if the matter were well look't into,
Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
Their owne foule, greedy, and insatiate will :
Who, quite forgetting they were euer young,
Would haue the Children dote, with them, on dung.
Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content,
Birth not mis-seeming, wealth sufficient,
Equality in yeares, an honest fame,
In euery-side the person without blame,
And they obedient too : What can you gather
Of Loue, or of affection, in that father,
That but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleasure,)
Shall force his Childe to one he doth abhor,
From her he loues, and justly seeketh for ;
Compelling him (for such mis-fortune grieu'd)
To die with care, that might with ioy haue liu'd ?

This -

Fidelia.

This you may say is *Loue*, and sweare as well,
There's paines in *Heauen*, and delights in *Hell*:
Or, that the Diuels fury and austerity
Proceeds out of his care of our posterity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) haue vs begin
Totake by their eyes, our affections in?
Or doe they thinke we beare them in our fist,
That we may still remoue them as wee list?
It is impossible it should be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Loue*, not *Loue* by vs:
And so our power so much ner'e reached to,
To know where we shall loue, vntill we doe.
And when it comes, hide it awhile wee may,
But 'tis not in our strengths to driu't away.

Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would ner'e weare *Hymens* Liucry.
For who is he so neare my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis, that mine approued best?
I haue my selfe beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame:
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more mouing part, a comely face,
With many of those complements, which we
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselues in fashion, at an *Ordinary*;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and sport,
Wore fauours, and had *Mistresses* in Court.

And

Fidelia.

And euery way were such as well might seeme
Worthy of note, respect, and much esteeme;
Yet hath my eye more cause of liking scene,
Where nought perhaps by some hath noted beene:
And I haue there found more content, by farre,
Where some of these perfections wanting are;
Yea so much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (me thought) because he had them not.

There some peculiar thing innated,
That beares an vncontrouled sway in this;
And nothing but it selfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which best shall suit with it.

Then why should Parents thrust themselves into
What they want warrant for, and power to doe?
How is it they are so forgetfull growne,
Of those conditions, that were once their owne?
Doe they so dote amidst their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection?
(When they doe see 'mong those of equall yeares,
One hateth what another most endears.)
Or doe they thinke their wisdomes can inuent
A thing to giue, that's greater than Content?
No, neither shall they wrap vs in such blindnesse,
To make vs thinke the spight they doe, is kindnesse.
For as I would aduise no childe to stray
From the least duty that he ought to pay:
So would I also haue him wisely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe.

That

Fidelia.

That knowing what doth vnto both belong,
He may doe them their right, himfelfe no wrong.
For if my *Parents* him I lothe should chuse,
Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuse:
Else, how shalt I leade so vpright a life,
As is enioyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we see sometime there are repentings,
Eu'n where there are the most, and best contentings.
What, though that by our *Parents* first we live?
Is not life misery enough to giue,
Which at their births the children doth vndo;
Vnlesse they adde some other mischiefe to?
Cause they gaue being to this flesh of our,
Must we be therefore slaues vnto their power?
We nere desir'd it, for how could we sell,
Not being, but that not to be was well:
Nor know they whom they profit by it, seeing
Happy were some, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd vs without sin,
Had all our duty to haue pleas'd them bin:
Of the next life, could they assure the state,
And both beget vs and regenerate;
There were no reason then we should withstand
To vndergoe their tyrannou'st command:
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We should, at last, haue comfort in assurance;
Or, if in our endeauours we mis-spel,
At least feele nothing when we should be dead.

Fidelia.

But what's the *Reason* for't that we shall be
Inthral'd so much vnto Mortality?

Our soules on will of any *Men* to tye
Vnto an euermlasting misery.

So farre, perhaps to, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our selues, and altogether.

Children owe much, I must confesse 'tis true,
And a great debt is to the *Parents* due:

Yet if they haue not so much power to craue

But in their owne defence the lines they gaue:

How much lesse then, should they become so cruell

As to take from them the high-prized Iewell

Of liberty in choyce, whereon depends

The maine contentment that the heauen here lends?

Worth life, or wealth, nay far more worth then either

Or twenty thousand liues put all together.

Then howsoeuer some, seuerer bent,

May deeme of my opinion, or intent,

With that which followes thus conclude I doe:

(And I haue Reason for't, and Conscience to)

No Parent may his Childes iust Ints deny

On his bare will, without a reason why:

Nor be so vs'd, be disobediant thought,

If vnapprou'd, he take the match he sought.

So then if that thy faith vncrazed be,

Thy friends dislike shall be no stop to me:

For, if their will be not of force to doe it,

They shall haue no cause else to driue them to it.

What

Fidelia.

What is it they against vs can alleage?
Both young we are, and of the fittest age,
If thou dissembledst not, both loue; and both
To admit hinderance in our loues are loth.
'Tis prejudiciall vnto none that liues;
And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues.
Nor are we much vnequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* somewhat different be.
But say that little meanes, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not dissolue this knot.
For though some such preposterous courses wend,
Prescribing to themselves no other end,
Marriage was not ordain'd to enrich men by,
Vnlesse it were in their posterity.
And he that doth for other causes wed,
Nere knowes the true sweetes of a marriage bed:
Nor shall he by my will, for 'tis vnfit
He should haue blisse that neuer aym'd at it.

Though that bewitching gold the *Rabble* blinds,
And is the object of all *Vulgar* mindes;
Yet those, me-thinkes, that graced seeme to bee,
With so much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should scorne their better-taught desires to tye
To that, which fooles doe get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth (I must confesse)
Yet more I prize the man, though mony-lesse.
I am not of their humour yet, that can
For Title, or Estate, affect a *Man*;

Fidelia.

Or of my selfe, one body, deigne to make
With him I lothe, for his possessions sake.
Nor wish I euer to haue that minde bred
In me, that is in those ; who, when they wed,
Thinke it enough, they doe attaine the grace
Of some new honour, to fare well, take place,
Weare costly cloathes, in others sights agree,
Or happy in opinion seeme to bee.

I weigh not this : for were I sure before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* store ;
Had I therewith a man, whom *Nature* lent,
Person enough to giue the eye content :
If I no outward due, nor right did want,
Which the best Husbands in appearance grant :
Nay, though alone we had no private iarres
But merry liu'd from all domesticke cares ;
Vnlesse I thought his *Nature* so incline,
That it might also sympathize with mine,
(And yeeld such correspondence with my mind
Our soules might mutually contentment find,
By adding vnto these which went before,
Some certaine vnexpressed pleasures more,
Such as exceed the streight and curb'd dimensions
Of common mindes, and vulgar apprehensions)
I would not care for such a match, but tarry
In this estate I am, and neuer marry.

Such were the sweets I hop'd to haue possess,
When *Fortune* should with thee haue made me blest.
My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without ravishment.

Each

Fidelia.

Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my cares
More pleasing then that musicke, which the *Sphaeres*
(They say) doe make the gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapason* with the time,
In my conceit, the opening of thine eye.
Seem'd to giue light to euery object by,
And shed a kinde of life vnto my shew,
On euery thing that was within it view.
More ioy I'ue felt to haue thee but in place,
Then many doe in the most close embrace
Of their beloued'st friend, which well doth proue,
Not to thy body onely tends my loue:
But mounting a true height, growes so diuine,
It makes my soule to fall in loue with thine.
And sure now whatsoe're thy body doe,
Thy soule loues mine, and oft they visit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Vnto *Heauen*, and there play'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or see,
'Twixt them or vs the least *Antipathy*,
Then what should make thee keepe thy person hence,
Or leaue to loue, or hold it in suspence?
If to offend thee I vnawares was driven,
Is't such a fault as may not be forgiven?
Or if by frownes of *Fate*, I haue beene checkt,
So that I seeme not worth thy first respect,
Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraid,
With what could not be holpen, or auoyd?
Tis not my fault: yet cause my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be so vnkinde to wrong me too?

Not

Fidelia.

Not vnto *Thine*, but thee I set my heart,
So nought can wipe my loue out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of house and meat,
Then he that knowes nor where to sleepe or eat:
Though thou wert sunke into obscurity,
Become an abiect in the worlds proud eye,
Though by perversenesse of thy *Fortune* crost,
Thou wert deformed, or some limbe had'st lost,
That loue which *Admiration* first begot,
Pitty would strengthen, that it failed not:
Yea, I should loue thee still, and without blame,
As long as thou could'st keepe thy minde the same,
Which is of *Vertues* so compact (I take it)
No mortall change shall haue the power to shake it.
This may, and will (I know) seeme strange to those
That cannot the *Abyss* of loue disclose,
Nor must they thinke, whom but the out-side moues
Euer to apprehend such noble *Loues*;
Or more coniecture their vnsounded measure,
Then can we mortalls of immortall pleasure.

Then let not those dull vnconceiuing braines,
Who shall hereafter come to reade these strains,
Suppose that no loues fire can be so great,
Because it giues not their cold Cline such heate;
Or thinke, *invention* could haue reached hie
Vnto such thoughts, vntesse such loue there were:
For then they shall but shew their knowledge weake,
And iniure me, that feele of what I speake.

But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong,
And as I thought that, thou think'st this too long.

Fidelia.

Or some may deeme, I thrust my selfe into
More then be seemeth modesty to do.
But of the difference I am not vnwitting,
Betwixt a peeuishe coyneffe, and things fisting :
Nothing respect I, who pries ore my doing:
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine some wanton stranger to my lure ;
But with a thought that's honest, chaste, and pure,
I make my cause vnto thy conscience knowne,
Suing for that which is by right my owne.
In which complaint, if thou doe hap to finde
Any such word, as seemes to be vnkind :
Mistake me not, it but from *Passion* sprung,
And not from an intent to doe thee wrong.
Or if among these doubts my sad thoughts breed,
Some (peraduenture) may be more then need
They are to let thee know, might we dispute,
There's no obiections but I could refute ;
And spight of *Enny* such defences make,
Thou shouldst embrace that loue thou dost forsake.
Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That 'tis ought lesse then I haue made it seeme,
Or that I am vnto this *Passion* inou'd,
Because I cannot else-where be belou'd :
Or that it is thy state, whose greatnesse knowne,
Makes me become a suter for my owne :
Suppose not so ; for know this day there be
Some that woe hard for what I offer thee :
And I haue euer yet contented bin
With that estate I first was placed in :

Banish

Fidelia.

Banish those thoughts, and turne thee to my heart ;
Come once againe, and be what once thou wert.
Reuiue me by those wonted ioyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with sorrowes and despairing :
So shall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more sweetnesse to my future ioy ;
Yea, make me thinke thou meantst not to deny me,
But onely wert estranged thus, to try me.
And lastly, for that loues sake thou once bar'st me,
By that right hand thou gau'st, that oath thou swar'st me,
By all the *Passions*, and (if any be)
For her deare sake that makes thee iniure me,
I here coniure thee ; no intreat and sue,
That if these lines doe over-reach thy view,
Thou wouldst afford me so much fauour for them,
As to accept, or at least not abhorre them.
So though thou wholly cloake not thy disdain,
I shall haue somewhat the lesse cause to plaine :
Or if thou needs must scoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy selfe, that none may witnesse be.
Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I am loth the world should know my shame.
For all that shall this plaint with reason view,
Will iudge me faithfull, and thee most vntrue.
But if *Oblision*, that thy loue bereft,
Hath not so much good nature in thee left,
But that thou must, as most of you men doe,
When you haue conquer'd, tyrannize it too :
Know this before, that it is praise to no man
To wrong so fraile a *Creature* as a woman,

Fidelia.

And to insult or e one, so much made thine,
Will more be thy disparagement then mine.

But oh (I pray that it portend no harmes)
A chearing heate my chilled senses warmes:
Iust now I flashing feele into my brest,
A sudden comfort, not to be exprest,
Which to my thinking, doth againe begin
To warne my heart, to let some hope come in;
It tels me 'tis impossible that thou
Shouldst live not to be mine, it whispers how
My former feares and doubts haue beene in vaine,
And that thou mean'st yet to returne againe.
It saies thy absence from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know.
It tels me now, that all those proofes, whereby
I seem'd assur'd of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes,
That in thy absence sought our ouerthrowes.

Which if it proue, as yet me thinkes it may,
Oh, what a burden shall I cast away?
What cares shall I lay by? and to what height
Towre in my new ascension to delight?
Sure ere the full of it I come to try,
I shall eu'n surfet in my ioy and die.
But such a lollie might well be call'd a thriving
Since more is got by dying so, then liuing.

Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke fit,
With that which never killed woman yet:
Or write to me before, so shalt thou giue
Content more moderate than I may liue.

And

Fidelia.

And when I see my staffe of trust vnbroken,
I will vnspeake againe what is mis-spoken.
What I haue written in dispraise of *Men*,
I will recant, and praise as much agen,
In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories,
Encomiasticke lines to ymp their glories.
And for those wrongs my loue to thee hath done,
Both I and it vnto thy *Pitty* runne:
In whom, if the least guilt thou finde to be,
For euer let thine armes imprison me.

Meane while I'le try if misery will spare
Me so much respite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee should shortly come.
Much longing that I one way may be sped,
And not still linger 'twixt alieue and dead.
For I can neither liue yet as I should,
Because I least enioy of that I would;
Nor quiet die, because (indeed) I first
Would see some better daies, or know the worst.

Then hasten *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It shall be welcome, cause it comes from thee.
If to renew my *Comfort* ought be sent,
Let me not loole a minute of *Content*.
The precious *Time* is short, and will away,
Let vs enioy each other while we may.

Cares thriue, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but shades,
Ioyes lessen, *Youth* decaies, and *Beauty* fades;
New turnes come on, the old returneth neuer,
If we let our goe past, 'tis past for euer.

FINIS.

A

A Metricall Paraphrase

A Metricall Paraphrase vpon the C R E E D E.



Ince it befits, that I account should giue
What way vnto saluation I beleene;
Of my profession here the summe I gather.
First, I confesse a Faith in *God the Father*:
In God, who (without Helpe or Pertaker)
Was of himselfe the Worlds *Almighty Maker*,
And first gaue Time his being: who gaue birth
To all the Creatures, both of *Heauen and Earth*.
Our euermlasting wel-fare doth consist
In his great mercies, and in *Iesus Christ*:
(The second person of that Three in one)
The Father's equall, and *his onely Sonne*;
That euerm-blessed, and incarnate Word,
Which our Redeemer is, our life, *Our Lord*.
For when by Sathans guile we were deceiued,
Christ was that meanes of helpe, *which was conceived*;
Yea, (when we were in danger to be lost)
Conceiued for Vs, *by the Holy Ghost*.
And that we might not euerm befor-lorne,
For our eternall safety he was *Borne*;
Borne as a Man (that Man might not miscary)
Euen of the substance of *the Virgin Mary*,
And loe, a greater mercy, and a wonder;
He that can make All, suffer, *suffered under*

The

upon the Creede.

The Iewish spite (which all the world reuile at)
And Romish tyrannies of *Pomius Pilate*.
In him doe I belecue, who was enuied,
Who with extreamest hate was *Crucified*:
Who being Life it selfe (to make assured
Our soules of safety) was both *dead, and buried*,
And that no seruile feare in vs might dwell,
To conquer, *Hee descended into Hell*:
Where no infernall Power had power to lay
Command vpon him; but on *the third day*
The force of Death and Hell he did constrain,
And so in Triumph, *He arose againe*.
Yea, the Almighty power aduanc'd his head,
As well aboue all things, as *from the dead*.
Then, that from thence gifts might to men be giuen,
With glory, *Hee ascended into Heauen*:
Where, that supream and euerlasting throne,
Which was prepar'd, he climb'd; and *sitteth on*
That blessed seate, where he shall make abode
To plead for vs, at *the right hand of God*.
And no where should he be enthroned rather,
Then there: for, he is God, as is *the Father*.
And therefore, with an equall loue delight I
To praise and serue them both, as one *Almighty*:
Yet in their office there's a difference.
And I belecue, that Iesus Christ, *from thence*,
shall in the great and vniuersall doome,
returne; and that with Angels *He shall come*,
To question such as at his Empire grudge;
euen those who haue presumed him to *iudge*.

And

A Metricall Paraphrase

And that blacke day shall be so Catholicke,
As I beleene not onely that *the quicke*
To that affise shall all be summoned;
But, he will both adiudge them, *and the dead.*
Moreouer, in the Godhead I conceiue
Another Person, in whom *I beleene :*
For all my hope of blessednesse were lost,
If I beleeu'd not *in the holy Ghost.*
And though vaine Schismatikes through pride & folly
Contemne her power, I doe beleue *the holy*
Chast Spouse of Christ (for whom so many search
By markes vncertaine) the true *Cath'like Church.*
I doe beleue (God keepevs in this vnion,)
That there shall be for euer *the Communion*
Of Gods Elect: and that he still acquaints
His Children in the fellowship of *Saints.*
Though damned be Mans naturall condition,
By grace in Christ I looke for *the remission*
Of all my foule misdeeds; for, there begins
Deaths end, which is the punishment of *sinnes.*
Moreouer, I the *Sadduces* infection
Abhorre, and doe beleue *the Resurrection :*
Yea, though I turne to dust; yet through God, I
Expect a glorious rising of *the body;*
And that, exempted from the cares here rife,
I shall enioy perfection *and the life*
That is not subiect vnto change or wasting;
But euer-blessed, and for *euermlasting.*
This is my Faith, which that it faile not when
It most should steed me, let God say, *Amen.*

upon the Lords Prayer.

To whom, that he so much vouchsafe me may,
Thus as a member of his Church, I pray:

Lord, at thy Mercy-seat, our selues we gather,
To doe our duties vnto thee, *Our Father.*
To whom all praise, al honor, should be giuen:
For, thou art that great God which art in heauen.

Thou by thy wisdom rul'st the worlds whole frame,
For euer, therefore, *Hallowed be thy Name.*

Let neuer more delays diuide vs from
Thy glories view, but let *Thy Kingdome come.*

Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure, and *Thy will be done.*

And let our promptnesse to obey, be euen
The very same in earth, as 'tis in heauen.

Then, for our selues, O Lord, we also pray,

Thou wouldst be pleased to *Giue vs this day,*
That food of life wherewith our soules are fed,
Contented raiment, and *our daily bread.*

With eu'ry needfull thing doe thou relieue vs:

And, of thy mercy, pittie *And forgine vs*

All our misdeeds, in him whom thou didst please,
To take in offering for *our trespasses.*

And for as much, O Lord, as we belecue,

Thou so wilt pardon vs, *as we forgine;*

Let that loue teach vs, wherewith thou acquaints vs,

To pardon all *them, that trespasse against vs.*

And.

A Metricall Paraphrase, &c.

And though sometime thou findest we have forgot
This Love, or thee; yet helpe, *And leade vs not*
Through Soule or bodies want, to desperation
Nor let abundance driue, *into temptation.*
Let not the soule of any true Beleuer,
Fall in the time of tryall: *But deliuer*
Yea, saue him from the malice of the Diuell;
And both in life and death keepe vs *from euill.*
Thus pray we Lord: And but of thee, from whom
Can this be had? *For thine is the Kingdome.*
The world is of thy workes the grauen story,
To thee belongs *the power, and the glory.*
And this thy happinelle hath ending neuer:
But shall remaine *for euer, and for euer.*
This we confesse; and will confesse agen,
Till we shall say eternally, *Amen.*

See
Pro.
30.8.
9.

*Thou shalt write them upon the postes of thy house,
and upon thy Gates. Deut. 6. 9.*

FINIS.

The Explanation of the Emblems

This little Emblem is both repulsive,
 The self condition, of a man Content
 The Place he lives on, is a mighty Rock;
 To show, that He Contentment, and makes a mock
 Of force, or of adversity: We expresse,
 What others think him, by his weaknesse,
 His Mankinde, with Heavens ease, y^e wronge both them,
 What He, both of his owne well-being, know,
 The Power, on whole Earth, his head doth rest;
 His Fortunes and Contentment expresse.
 The same copie that is more him lies;
 Declares, that He enough hath to suffice;
 And that He can be pleas'd, with what the Fields
 Or what the fruitful Tree, by Nature yields.
 That pleasant life, in which you see,
 Good, Quiet, Labour, and Contentment,
 His faire below Him, and is that, in which,
 The truest happy Man, is seldom rich.
 The words, N E C H A R E O, he doth there below;
 And what he means, both with his finger show,
 A house he never saw, and his Ears,
 Hearing on the glorious Heavens on high;
 From whence a Ray into his self descends,
 His owne word, N E C H A R E O, which lends
 To intimate, that He can nothing need,
 Whom Angels guard, and God himselfe doth feed.
 By it, to live Temptation; to prevent
 Both Temporal, and Ghostly Evils;
 His need below; but, without a wound,
 Downward he looks; or, backe on them rebound,
 As with N E C H A R E O, that he entreats;
 And so expresse, how highly He desires,
 The self Contentment, the World afford him may;
 A little Temporal, he doth leave away.